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AMONG THE FARMERS.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

Correspondence on practical agricultural topics is solicited. Address all communications intended for this department to HENRY D. HAMMOND, Agricultural Editor Oxford Democrat, Paris Me.

FACTS FOR DRIVERS.

Experiments show:

That one-third to two-thirds more power is required to draw a given load through mud or sand than on a smooth, hard road.

That a slight rise in the grade requires larger increase of power, and a rise of one foot in ten doubles the draft.

That a little rain softening the surface adds 20 per cent to the power required.

Dry axles add double, sometimes treble, to the labor of a team.

The power and longevity of the horse are in exact ratio to the intelligent care and feeding he receives. He can draw on his fixed stock of vitality to supply deficiency of food or to do overwork, but it shortens his life and reduces his value. That horses have been worked to death in one day shows how rapidly overwork draws on their vital power. As heat depends on food, all clipped horses, and those not warmly stabled and well blanketed, require much extra food, without which they wear out fast. Therefore, overwork, underfeeding and neglect are costly and wasteful.

Overloading is costly and cruel, and has ruined thousands of horses. No load should be too heavy to haul easily over the hardest place on the trip. Steady, hard pulling causes great pain, so give your team frequent rests, especially during the early part of a trip.

Ownership has limitations and bestows no right to mutilate, abuse or neglect any animal. Our laws recognize the rights of domestic animals and protect them.

The whip inflicts great pain and worry, and helps immensely to wear out a horse. The best horsemen of our time condemn its use, and believe that much more is lost than gained by it.

Whipping a shying or frightened horse is senseless and cruel. Pain does not relieve fright, but the assuring voice of a kind driver does. Whipping makes confirmed shyers, because the horse connects the pain with the object of his fear and is more afraid of it thereafter.

Jerking the bits, yelling and constant "nagging" weary a team and mark a bad driver. A good driver is quiet, steady, patient and low-voiced.

Dark stables distress horses and injure their sight. Damp stables induce various diseases. A horse will not thrive in a dark, damp, or an ill-ventilated stable. Horses do best when loose in a light, airy box stall, with a thick bed night and day, and salt, also water, always within reach.

Much horse power and distress is saved by starting slow and driving moderately the first two hours. Never start fast.

Balkiness is caused by overloading, ill-fitting harness and by ignorant and ill-tempered drivers—mainly the latter. Never strike a balky horse. It is cruel and useless, and he has been forced into the habit, perhaps by yourself. Turn his attention to something else; tie a string on his ear, pound on his shoe, take off and put back part of the harness, give him an apple or two, or a lump of sugar, but do not hurt him. Patience and kindness will succeed—a whip never does.

If a horse is taught to start, hasten, loiter and stop by low sounds of the voice, driving will become a new pleasure.

When a horse is afraid or excited, quiet him by kind words, rubbing his face gently and by a quiet manner. An excited horse is practically crazy, and to whip him is dangerous, useless, foolish and cruel. If your horse is afraid of anything, patiently and slowly lead him to it, assuring him meantime with patting and the voice. Let him smell it and see that it will not hurt him, but never force him.

Horses need water as often as men—or oftener. It is better to give them water five or six times a day than to let them drink rarely and heavily.

Plaster scattered on the stable floor keeps down bad odors, and purifies the air.

Ill-fitting collars produce great distress and loss of pulling power.

Regularity of meals and variety of food are as important to horses as to man. Water horses before feeding them, or keep water within their reach.

Teasing or tickling horses renders them vicious and irritable. Do not permit it.

Tight girths distress. The harness should fit easily. Galls result from stiff and ill-fitting harness; oil it.

Kicking a horse is barbarous, and a frequent cause of colic, sometimes of death. Cruelty does not pay.

The feet should be examined every night, and stones removed, as standing on them causes suffering and lameness.

The horse, having a very small stomach, does better on three meals a day than on two, and should have an unlimited supply of hay.

Horses over twelve years old often suffer from toothache, which prevents mastication and causes poor condition. Every horse should be examined annually by a veterinary dentist. It pays.

Your horse intends to do right, to obey and please you, and you should treat him accordingly. Do not expect him to know as much as you, who can read, but be patient and gentle and kindly show him how to do. Talk much to your horse and always kindly, and treat him as you would wish were you in his place. Realize that he is dumb, can not tell his distress, and must rely on you, whom he serves, to protect him. Do not be so unmanly as to take advantage of his helplessness.

Public opinion is changing. Whips, "twist," gag-bits, docking, clipping, check-reins, and other relics of barbarous times, are growing disreputable and passing away.—Humane Circular.

FARMERS' NEEDS.

The farmer needs a workshop. Nothing on the farm is needed more. How well I remember when a boy losing many a half day for some broken harness, harrow or plough that should have been mended at home in a few minutes to take over the day or job. Put up an old stove, make your fire, paint your wagons, sleighs, ploughs, hoe, shovels, rakes, etc. See that everything is ready for spring. Keep some nails, screws, etc., on hand and where you can find them. Get out some 4x4 white oak and put it away to season; you will want a new harrow by and by. A few dollars invested in tools will pay the farmer richly. Educate your boys to tinker. Keep the tools under cover when not in use. Make and mend your chicken coops; tack on the loose boards on your buildings; get a few dollars' worth of paint and paint the old barn in the spring. "Brush up, clean up." The New England farms are not holding their own. Educate your own sons to work on the farm; give them an interest in the business. Do not look for farm help from stragglers. It seems too bad to see so many of these beautiful farms with fine buildings showing such evidence of decay.—Mirror and Farmer.

Here is something worth considering: "When you come to think of it how very few summer diseases either the sheep or cows have. They are rarely sick, and it is seldom one loses either in hot weather. Their diseases come chiefly in winter, when they are exposed to inclement and severe weather. Now is not this largely due to their cooling diet of green grass, leaves and vegetables? This keeps their blood cool and healthful, and their systems are not clogged up with undigested food."

Better buy a washing-machine for your wife than to buy a horse-rake and leave it out all winter.

FARMING BUSINESS.

"Where are you going to school this winter?"

"To some good business college."

"Oh, then you are going to fit yourself for a position in some business office."

"Not at all; I have no desire to enter into the business."

"What do you intend to do, then?"

"I intend to stay on the farm."

"But what good is your business education going to do you then?"

"It is going to make a better farmer of me."

This conversation recently took place between two bright, young country boys, writes a correspondent in the Western Plowman, and as the subject is a matter of interest to all other farmer boys, we will continue the argument as to what might be said in favor of a business education for the farmer's sons and daughters.

"I don't see how you make that out," was the response to the last observation.

"It is very clear in my mind," came the ready answer. "It seems to me that if any business on earth requires the thorough knowledge and practice of good business principles, that business is farming. Every successful farmer is, to a certain extent, a merchant. He has much buying to do in order to equip his farm with the tools and machinery necessary for successful farming. Then he must sell his products, and he must know how to sell to the best advantage. He must know what kind of farming is the most profitable, and to know this he must have an exact system of accounts. He must know how to protect himself against the tricks and traps of sharpers by a familiarity with all kinds of business forms and commercial papers, and a fair understanding of the laws of business will come very handy. I want to be a business farmer. I am going to try to make the farm profitable by giving it as close attention as the merchant does his business. I shall try to increase the profit account by decreasing the waste account, and all my business transactions with the outside world will be recorded under a clear system of debt and credit."

HOW NICE!

"The farmer sits by the evening fire and reads his paper in peace. His storehouses are full, ample provisions have been made for his live stock, and he has nothing to discomfort or distract his mind." Did the author of the foregoing have his ma with him when he got far enough from home in the evening to look in the farmer's window? Snap shots show but a small part of the operation. A person who thinks a farmer's life is all ease and comfort because he has one spot where he can sit down and keep warm is not a very reliable guide in social matters. A man should be able to comprehend the fact that the fruit and vegetables and other provisions which the farmer has at hand for winter and which are so readily taken in at a glance in their present position, have cost months of hard labor in the hot sun and are what has been secured by constant warfare with weeds and insects and unfavorable weather.

He should know that a farmer's life in winter is not all evenings by the fire. He should see him in the woods wallowing in deep snow with cold feet and wet mittens getting the wood for the next winter, or shoveling through snowdrifts to get his children to school. He should see him watching and tending his stock and making calculations on the amount of food he has on hand for them. The artist who attempts to show the picture true to life should study his subject until he can include the losses, discouragements and extra hours of anxious work, and still more hours of hard study over important problems of his business, all of which are a part of every farmer's experience before he can sit down by the fire and "look pleasant" long enough for the hasty observer to take his picture.

The man who attempts to describe farm life should know that the farmer has mental powers and makes constant use of them in a way that is of more benefit to the world than studying the fashions, polishing boots or learning the latest slang phrases. When the farmer gets seated by his own fire where our introduction found him he ought to be comfortable and happy, and no amount of pleasure which he can find there would be a free gift to him. He has earned it all and has done well to secure it then.—Mirror and Farmer.

THE FIVE FAITHFUL MARES.

The origin of the best strain of Arabian blood has been related by some romancer. While Mohammed was fighting his way to greatness he was once compelled to lead his corps of 20,000 cavalry for three days without a drop of water. At last from a hilltop they descried the silver streak of a distant river. Mohammed ordered his trumpter to blow the call to dismount and loose the horses. The poor brutes, starving for water, at once sprang into a mad gallop toward the longed-for goal. No sooner loosened than came the alarm—false, as it happened—of a sudden ambush. "To horse" was blown and repeated by a hundred bugles. But the demand was too great. The parched throats were not to be refused. The stampede grew wilder and wilder as 20,000 steeds pushed desperately for the river banks. Of the frantic crowd but five mares responded to the call. To these duty was higher than suffering. They turned in their tracks, came bravely back, pleading in their eyes, and anguish in their sunken flanks, and stood before the prophet. Love for their master and a sense of obedience had conquered their distress, but their bloodshot eyes told of a fearful torment—the more pathetic for their dumbness. The danger was over. The faithful mares were at once released, but Mohammed selected these for his own use, and they were the dams of one of the great races of the desert. From them have sprung the best of Arabian steeds. It can, however, scarcely be claimed that the average horse of the orient comes up to his ideal. He must have been bred from the 19,995.—Harper's Magazine.

A BLANKET OF SNOW.

A covering of snow will prove a great protection to meadow land and to fall sown wheat and rye. It should be induced to remain as long as possible, not only on the crops named, but over strawberry plants and about the trunks of trees, currants, raspberries and shrubs. It should not be allowed to accumulate to a sufficient depth to press the canes and stalks to the ground, as they are often injured by the heavy packed drifts. Snow thrown up around the foundation walls of the dwelling house will prove a great protection to the contents of the cellar, and frequently save them from disastrous freezing. To retain snow upon fields swept by winds, brush scattered over them will produce the result. Even corn stalks scattered around will accomplish the same end.

It is the dairyman who has provided an abundance of good winter feed for his cows who will pocket the difference between winter and summer prices for dairy products. In this lies the profit.

It is better to save a pound of flesh than to produce it. Or, in other words, it is a losing game to neglect stock and let them lose flesh.

Two carloads of potatoes have been recently seized which were being brought by smugglers from New Brunswick to New England.

If you have only a limited amount to invest and are about buying sheep it will be far better to buy a few good ones than many culls.

If an animal is once allowed to become very poor it will require so much feed to bring it back that it will not be very profitable.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skillful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown willful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

A RETIRED BURGLAR'S STORY.

"I think about as curious an experience as I ever had," said a reformed burglar to a New York Sun man, "I had in a town in Pennsylvania. I had got into a fine big house there without much trouble, and had found things when I got inside about as I expected to find them. There was some silver in the dining-room, and I nipped a few little things that I could get into my overcoat pockets handily, but I had other things in my mind and I went on into the next room, which turned out to be the library. As I threw my light around the room I saw on a table in the centre a magazine open and lying face downward. I picked up this magazine and turned my bull's eye on it, and saw that it was open at the beginning of a story. The title caught my eye and I stood there for a moment with the magazine in one hand and the bull's eye in the other, and read a few lines. It seemed to be a mightily interesting story. Whoever had been reading the magazine had sat in a big leather chair, which still remained alongside the table. I sat down in the big chair, stood the bull's eye on the table at my elbow, where its light would strike the pages, and began to read, and became so interested that I forgot that I was there on business.

"I don't know how long I had been reading, maybe twenty minutes or so, when I felt a hand laid on my right shoulder. I looked up and saw standing alongside of me a tall man in a dressing gown. He had a lamp in his right hand; he had touched me with his left, and that hand still remained on my shoulder. He looked down upon me coolly. I confess that as far as I was concerned I was surprised, and when he asked me what I was doing there I was at first actually too flabbergasted to reply, but I finally told him I was reading a story in that magazine. He asked me what story I was reading and I told him. I thought I saw just the faintest flicker of a smile on his face at that, but I couldn't be certain about it.

"What do you think of it?" says he.

"I had come back to myself by this time and I told him I thought he ought to be able to see what I thought of it himself; that I was interested enough to let him come down and find me there reading it, but that I wouldn't undertake to say what I thought about it absolutely until I had finished reading it.

"'Well,' says the man, 'don't let me interrupt you. Go ahead and finish it.'

"He was looking perfectly calm and cool, just as he had been when I first looked up at him. He set his lamp down on the table by the bull's eye, and pulled up a big chair himself on the other side, and got another chair to put his feet on; he had only slippers on, and I suppose he thought his feet would be cold on the floor. He sat down in the big chair, put his feet up on the other, and pulled his dressing gown up around his legs, making himself quite comfortable. Then he picked up a book off the table and went to reading, while he waited for me to finish the story. When I had finished it the man said:

"'Well, what do you think of it now?'

"And I told him, and that's what I did think about it, that I thought it was immense.

"The man laid down his book and got up on his feet again. He picked up his lamp and stood there for a moment holding it and looking at me. He said nothing, but it was perfectly clear to me that he was about politely to bow me out of the house. I laid down the magazine and picked up my bull's eye, and moved towards the door just as I might have done if I had been a guest. The tall man opened the door and calmly bowed me out. As I went down the steps I heard him bolting the door after me.

"You know I wondered who he could be but when I came to find out I wondered that I hadn't thought of it myself before; he was the man that wrote the story."

HE MAKES THE WOMEN JEALOUS.

Herr Pollak of Europe is here. Of all the notables of the Old World, Herr Pollak is the best known across seas. Princes and potentates may have eccentricities, which render them conspicuous, but Herr Pollak is chief of all the freaks of Europe. There is not a capital of the Old World where he is not known. He is about 35 years old and dresses quietly. Yesterday afternoon he walked into the Old Vienna, in the Plaisance and as soon as he got inside the gates he announced in stentorian tones: "I am Herr Pollak of Europe."

Immediately an informal meeting of the officers was held and he was given the freedom of the village. They did not grant the honor from choice. They knew the man and knew that he would take it anyway.

Herr Pollak's specialty is this: He has a repertoire of 20,000 words, which he repeats in forty minutes, being at the rate of 500 words a minute, as can be demonstrated. This is all he does, the rest being orchestra, costumes, limelights and "business," as the actors call it. This very remarkable man says that he is the fastest talker in the world, and that the woman has not yet been born who can keep up with him for a single dash. When appearing in public, which he occasionally does, he wears a costume something like that worn by an assistant to an Italian organ grinder. It is not for money that he appears in public. He is the one European resident at present in this city who does not want money. Glory is his one aim in life. He talks of it and dreams of it. Fifteen languages are at his tongue's end, but they do not all flow so rapidly as the one which he inflicts on the public, and which he learned in his native town of Prossnitz, Hungary.

The 20,000 words he uses are not in any way connected, and give no meaning to the listener. In giving his performance, after the band has started up, he advances to the edge of the platform and starts in. At the word "Go!" he rushes at his task like a Kansas cyclone at a farm house. His style is something like this:

"Rice, mice, cats, beer, beefsteak, sausages, horseradish, pumps, Turks, Chicago, pigs, ham, sugar, vinegar."

Then he takes a quick breath, and, as the leader of the orchestra quickens the tempo, he goes at it again with:

"Money, rum, idiot, chestnut, cheese, dollar, gum, spring chicken, (this counts two words,) street, sweet, write, smile, chin."

And so on.

He places himself under bonds not to repeat a word. He carries around in his clothes 40,000 florins, which he says he will give to any stenographer who will take down what he says.—Chicago News.

"What do you mean, sir, by marrying my daughter and trying to keep it secret?" "I am fond of good living, and didn't want the waiter girls at my boarding house to find out that I was married."

THE DEAREST ONE OF ALL.

UPON the table, thickly strewn,
In wild profusion lay
The laced and perfumed valentines
That came for her that day.

Her taper fingers tossed them back,
She smiled with careless ease.
"The dear, good boys," she said. "Poor things!
How hard they tried to please."

And then her eye fell on a slip
She had not seen before;
'Twas but a plain and printed thing,
With writing—nothing more.

Upon its homely face there was
No sentimental line,
And yet she caught it up, and cried:
"This is a Valentine.

"The dear! How sweet it was of him
To think he should send this!
The very instant he appears
I'll give him such a kiss."

And then, alas for all the rest!
Into her bosom went—
The valentine she prized the most—
A check papa had sent.

TOM MASSON.

HER VALENTINE.

BY ISABELLA PROCTOR.

[Copyright, 1894, by American Press Association.]

DEAR MR. DUNHAM—It was with great regret that I read your letter, as I at once perceived that it would put an end to the pleasant friendship which has existed between us hitherto. Your question does not require the time for consideration which you ask me to take. While I am sorry to give you pain, I must tell you once for all that I cannot marry you. Please accept this as my final answer. Very truly, FLORENCE FORD.

"How many 'I's' there are in it!" thought Miss Ford as she discontentedly surveyed the product of her pen. "And how horribly abrupt and unfeeling it is! But since it must be done, it is better to have it over at a blow. He shouldn't have made it necessary. I never encouraged him in any such idea as that, I am sure, and when he would persist in showing that he meant to do it, I stayed it off just as long as I could. And now he will never come here again. Of course he will avoid me after this. It is all over with. How wretched everything in the world is!"

She threw poor John Dunham's letter, which she had answered upon the instant, into the grate, where it writhed for a moment on the glowing coals before shriveling into a flimsy scroll of ashes. In it he had begged her not to destroy his hopes at once—to give him the benefit of a few days' grace. But she was determined not to consider his case for a moment. She wanted it settled out of hand before a certain treacherous something that lurked beneath the surface of her purpose should have a chance to warp her clear, practical judgment.

She folded her note with a hasty movement, that the written words might be out of her sight. As she did so there was a sudden scuffle in the hall and a clamor of young voices; then the door yielded before the combined rush of four children, or, begging Miss Madeline's pardon, three children and a young lady of 14. Bennie, the older boy, at once flung himself upon Florence's writing table, and placing his stubbly head about four inches from her ear, in order to be within convenient shouting distance, began:

"Say, Florence, can't you write those valentines for us now? You said you would yesterday, but you went and forgot it, and tomorrow's Valentine's day, and they ain't begun yet, and it's 'most night."

"I want mine on your little tiny note-paper," added Lottie, while Willie cried, endeavoring to climb into her lap.

"And make a picture over the top of mine with your red ink."

"Wait a minute, children; don't you see that sister is writing? Bennie, keep quiet and stop shaking my elbow so. That's the second envelope you have made me spoil. There!" She sealed her answer to John Dunham's letter, affixed the stamp and put it into her pocket to be posted at the earliest opportunity. "Now I'm ready. Who comes first? No, all of you can't come first. I'll begin with Bennie if he will get off the table and sit down like a gentleman."

Bennie reluctantly complying with the conditions, a colloquy ensued as to the number of valentines he wanted written and the sentiments to be expressed. Florence's modest muse was a poetical maid of all work to the children. She was expected

POOR JOHN'S LETTER WENT INTO THE GRATE.

to provide epitaphs for all the animals that died about the premises, rhymes for autograph albums and valentines as often as the time came around. This season was no exception to the rule. Florence worked patiently for an hour filling Bennie's requirements, and finally fitted him out with little verses more or less appropriate to send to all his particular friends. Lottie and Willie were no more quickly supplied, although they were satisfied with a tripping couplet or two by way of text, for each little sheet of paper had to be headed by a sketch drawn in the coveted red ink. At last, however, they were all three provided for, and as they gathered together to compare notes in a corner she turned to Madeline, who had not joined in the babel.

"And now for yours, Madeline—I did the children's first, because they make so much noise. Perhaps," she added as an afterthought, "you are too old to want any?"

This was an uncomfortable thrust, as Madeline, although she considered herself almost grown up, was yet very anxious to send a valentine. It was a sore humiliation to her vanity that she was always treated as a little girl by her family, despite the extreme dignity of her demeanor and her persistent attempts to adopt mature interests. In vain she refused to participate in the games of the younger children, which Florence, secure in womanly estate, frequently shared; in vain she coiled the long braid that should have hung down her back into a conspicuously grown up knot. She was still kept in short dresses and sent to bed at 9o'clock. On this occasion she swallowed the covert insult to her young ladyhood and answered:

"I want only one, but I want that to be a really nice one—not funny, like those you wrote for Bennie, but a real valentine, about—about love, you know, and all that sort of thing." Here she blenched as she caught her sister's quizzical eye, and added in hasty explanation, "Like that one Mabel sent me last year. Don't you remember?" Mabel was a school friend with whom she was on confidential terms.

"I think I do recollect that you showed me some lines of a sentimental nature," returned Florence, falling at once into metrical ponderings. "I doubt if I can write anything that shall seem at all a fair return for such gushing ardor as they expressed. However, I'll do my best to please Miss Mabel's fancy. Let me see!" She nibbled her pen. "Didn't I hear you and Mabel having a tiff the other day?"

"We—we had a little difference of opinion," replied Madeline, reluctantly. "What's that got to do with it?"

Florence made no answer. She scribbled and nibbled again, and finally handed her sister a sheet of paper bearing these lines:

Love is like a rosebud
Hid behind a thorn;
Love is like a moon flower
Frightened at the morn.

Pricks but make it sweeter,
Warmth but makes it grow;
Quarrels make but fleeter
Love's returning glow.

No despite shall sever
My fond heart and thine!
Believe me, Love, forever,
Thy true Valentine.

"Will that do? I hope so, for it is 6 o'clock. Go and brush your hair, Bennie; it's dinner time. Willie, go with Lottie and let her put a clean collar on you." And having issued these directions, Florence went down stairs and left the children to filter out of her room at their discretion.

They departed, but Madeline lingered. She had not been quite truthful about the valentine. She wanted to send it, not to Mabel, as she had let her sister infer, but to Mr. John Dunham, for whom she cherished a secret admiration founded upon the grave politeness with which he invariably treated her.

Mr. Dunham had reasons of his own for making himself agreeable to the children. It is well to have as many friends at court as possible. He petted the little ones, entered zealously into Bennie's schoolboy in-

HE DELIBERATELY CLOSED THE DOOR.

terests, and his air toward Madeline was that of equality tempered with deference. This respect was inexpressibly grateful to the young lady, whose dignity and self esteem were being perpetually wounded by the unreasonable prejudices of her relatives. She saw him frequently, for he often spent the evening at the house, and although he and Florence were generally at the piano in the front drawing room the sliding doors were always open into the next room, where the others sat, and different members of the family were continually sauntering in and out. It was the constant presence of a third person—of whom Miss Ford showed no disposition to be rid—that reduced Dunham to the unsatisfactory course of asking her by letter to marry him.

Madeline, however, had no suspicion of his preferences. She was very much of a child in spite of her precocity, and it never occurred to her that he cared to see Florence more than herself. He almost as often asked for "Miss Ford and Miss Madeline" as for "Miss Ford" alone, and he always saw them all. And on the occasions when he included her in his inquiry he presented her with a box of confectionery or some similar offering. She wished he would inquire for "Miss Madeline" only sometime. It would be so nice and grown up to have a call in the evening all for herself. Her parents would then realize that she was getting to be a young lady, and perhaps her mother would have the turned in piece at the top of her skirts let down to its full length. She felt sure that he would suspect who sent the valentine, and perhaps he would call to make certain by inquiry.

There was one obstacle in her path—she did not want to direct the envelope herself, since it is the immemorial custom that these things be done anonymously, and she could not ask anybody else to do it without betraying her plan. Florence herself had unconsciously offered a solution to the problem when she threw aside the envelopes that Bennie's carelessness had made her blot. Madeline's keen eyes had noticed to whom they were addressed, and she now sought in the wastebasket the least defaced of the two—it had a large inkspot on the corner—slipped the verses into it, borrowed a stamp from her sister's box, and determined to post it the next morning.

Unused to diplomacy, her mind was so occupied with the excitement attendant on the successful carrying out of her scheme, and with the feeling that she was doing something that she would not quite like to be discovered in, that the inevitable misconception that would arise never occurred to her.

Florence dropped her own note into the pillar box before she ate her dinner. She was not very hungry, but was particularly talkative both at the table and during the usual interim between eating and vocal effort. Cutting short that period of enforced idleness, she went to work on her beloved solfeggi with a vigor which all but convinced herself that she would rather spend her life doing that than anything else. It was at any rate an excellent way to forget the approach of the moment when solitude and silence should bring her face to face with her own heart.

But bedtime arrived with relentless punctuality, and consideration for the comfort of others compelled her to lay aside her music and close the piano. Shut into her own room, all and worse than poor Florence had feared overcame her—tears, misgivings and finally something very like repentance of her willfully hasty decision. She had made up her mind long ago not to marry, but that was before she met John Dunham. And supposing her most ambitious dreams came true and she climbed the heights of fame in triumph, perhaps that lofty situation might be found barren and uncomforting on a near view, especially if one's heart had been left in the valley below.

Was the prospect of receiving the praises of strangers who cared nothing for her personally sufficiently satisfying to be worth the sacrifice she had made? For it was a sacrifice to throw aside all thought of a home of her very own, shared with somebody who loved her unselfishly and whom she—yes, whom she loved. But it was folly to dwell on what might have been had she answered his letter differently. The matter was settled irrevocably by that cruel, curt note now on its way to him. How she longed to recall it! But it was already involved in the relentless machinery of the postoffice, and Florence sobbed herself to sleep at last over the sober certainty of her future musical career.

Life had never appeared so stale, flat and unprofitable as it did next day. The light household duties that fell to her share seemed onerous tasks; her scales and arpeggios dragged heavily, and her voice sounded hopelessly harsh in her own ears. It was in truth not as clear as usual, for a night's crying is not the best medicine for a vocalist. The children came home from school uproarious and insisted on an appreciative examination of the batch of valentines that they had acquired during the day; the tiresome routine of existence had to be gone through with just as if no wretched, lifelong mistake had ever been made.

"I wonder if he hates me now?" she mused, as she sat with the rest of the family after dinner that evening, apparently reading. "I don't believe he does. He is too free from vanity to be ungenerous. But of course he will keep as far from me as possible after this. Perhaps I shall never meet him again. He is not a man to be any woman's commonplace friend when he has wished to be so much more. How miserable I am! I deserve it, for I had no right to let him begin to care for me if I meant to snub him at last. But I never let myself think about it, and now I have spoiled his life and my own."

Just then there was a ring at the doorbell, a colloquy in the hall, and somebody was ushered into the drawing room. Madeline, who had been fidgeting all the evening, suddenly became very quiet and fixed conscious eyes upon the history lesson she was pretending to study. In a moment the servant appeared and announced:

"It's Mr. Dunham; wants to see Miss Ford."

"Who did you say, Mary?" cried Madeline, starting up.

"Mr. Dunham 'as asked for Miss Florence most particular," repeated Mary, favoring the latter young woman with a sympathetic grin as she closed the door.

Madeline sank back into her history again, with a sense that all her struggles to emerge from the slough of little girlhood were hopeless. Thankful for the shelter of her schoolbooks, behind them she chewed the end of sweet and better fancy and possibly learned a lesson not printed on their well worn pages.

To Florence the arrival of her guest came as a bewildering surprise. She rose mechanically and went into the drawing room, with her heart beating very fast and her head in a whirl. Did he intend to denounce her unfeeling conduct, or was it possible that he had come in spite of the cool dismissal she had sent him to beg her to reconsider her decision? If he would only give her the opportunity——

Mr. Dunham's course was not calculated to clear her mind, for as she entered he crossed the room and deliberately closed the sliding doors behind her, in the face of the family. Then he turned to her, his face aglow with happiness, and seized her hands.

"How could you play me such a trick?" he said. "It was not like you at all to be so willfully cruel. Did you pretend to say 'No' so that I might feel the greater happiness when you said 'Yes?'"

"But I haven't said yes yet," returned Florence, roused to feeble self assertion by his masterful ignoring of her positive rejection. A helpless sort of joy filled her that the refusal had gone for nothing, but it was certainly surprising assurance on his part to assume that she cared so much for him that her dismissal could be regarded only in the light of a joke.

"Not the very word," he answered, "but you will say it to please me, won't you? Not that words matter much, since you really do care for me after all. Tell me you do. Tell me again that nothing can ever separate us."

"Again!" murmured Florence.

"Again and again," he replied. "I shall never be tired of hearing it. Oh, Florence!" And then they wandered off to tread the primrose path of dalliance for the rest of the evening.

"But John," she said at last, rousing herself from the charming mental chaos in which she was involved, "it seems the most wonderful thing in the world that you should be here—like this—after my note."

"Didn't you want me to come?"

"Well—yes. But how did you know it?"

"Why," said John—"Won't you give me this little piece of hair? This one right here—I inferred it from what you wrote."

"How cleverly you read between the lines! You are too clever! I shall be afraid of you if you are going to display such unerring intuition all the time."

"I don't believe you will ever be afraid of me. A man would have to be uncommonly dull not to understand what this meant, no matter what had gone before." He took out of his breast pocket an envelope with a blotted corner and drew from it a sheet of paper. "Can you guess how happy this made me," he whispered, "after I had been knocked out by that note I got this morning? Why did you write that other? Did you do it only as a sort of joke, or did you mean it and then think better of it afterward?"

Florence looked at him with a puzzled air, then her eyes fell on the paper in his hand.

"Let me see that!" she said suddenly. Taking it from him, she glanced at the contents.

Love is like a rosebud
Hid behind a thorn——

"I didn't send you this thing!" she exclaimed.

"Didn't send it to me! Who did? It is your hand—see, on the envelope too."

"I know it is my writing, but I wrote those idiotic verses for Madeline to send to Mabel Flint. She must have found the envelope in my waste basket and sent it to you for a joke instead. Do you think I would send you such silly trash as that?"

"I don't think it is silly. It has given me the greatest happiness of my life if it was a mistake. Then you sent me only that heartless note I received first! And you really meant it, did you?"

"I thought I did."

"But you don't mean it now?" persisted John.

"No," said Florence; "I mean something very different now!"

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

Little Girl—I want the (sob) ugliest valentine in the shop to—to (sob) send to the other woman who stole (sob) the 'feeshuns of the only man I—I ever loved (boo-hoo).

Colored Lady (sobbing convulsively)—You pore chile, come weep on dis buzzom. A yaller barber played me dat same trick. Oh, Lordy! Oh, Lordy!

ANSWERED THE SAME PURPOSE.

Stramber—Miss Edgerly thanked me so much this morning for the beautiful valentine I sent her, old man, and I told her I was so glad she liked it.

Singerly—Why, you didn't send her any valentine, did you?

Stramber (complacently)—No; but you did.

VALENTINES FROM BRAZIL.

Deep in the heart of Brazil, that land of cloudless skies, gorgeous birds and beautiful flowers, there is a large convent. The deft fingers of the nuns who inhabit it so mingle and arrange the feathers and flowers that they are in great demand as valentines. Sometimes it is a tiny humming bird, holding in its beak a billet inscribed with the sentiments of the day. These unique valentines are costly and of surpassing beauty.

UNCLE ABE.

BY M. QUAD.

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There is an old saying that you shouldn't spoil a good story for relation's sake, and I will observe it by telling you that my Uncle Abe, at the age of 60, was looked upon as the stingiest, meanest and most cantankerous old jay in the state of Ohio. As one of his nephews, I occasionally visited at his house. He had five children of his own, and he not only worked them like slaves, but if a cousin came to stop for a day or two Uncle Abe would greet him with a smile and say:

"How nice that you came just at this time! I will find you a hoe, and you can go right to work with the boys in the cornfield. You can talk and work at the same time, but don't talk too much. Talking fires a boy and stops his growth."

If it was a girl cousin, he set her at work peeling apples, drying pumpkin or sorting over beans. Aunt Jiet, his wife, was his opposite, being a kind hearted, whole souled woman, but at the same time never dreaming of holding an opinion of her own if it conflicted with one of his. People said that Aunt Jet had a hard time of it, but it never seemed to occur to her that there was any other life but the

ESTABLISHED 1823.

The Oxford Democrat,

ISSUED TUESDAYS.

PARIS, MAINE, FEBRUARY 13, 1894.

ATWOOD & FORBES,

Editors and Proprietors.

GEORGE M. ATWOOD. A. E. FORBES.

TERMS—$1.50 a year if paid strictly in advance. Otherwise $2.00 a year. Single copies 4 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS—All legal advertisements are given three consecutive insertions for $1.50 per inch in length of column. Special contracts made with local, transient and yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING—New type, fast presses, steam power, experienced workmen and low prices combine to make this department of our business complete and popular.

SINGLE COPIES.

Single Copies of the Democrat are four cents each. They will be mailed on receipt of price by the publishers or for the convenience of patrons single copies of of each issue have been placed on sale at the following places in the County:

South Paris,	Gerry's Drug Store.
	Shurtleff's Drug Store.
Norway,	Noyes' Drug Store.
Buckfield,	Alfred Cole, Postmaster.
Fryeburg,	A. F. Lewis, Insurance Office.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

They All Want It.
Do You Want a Beautiful Crayon?
$2.50 to $4.00 Shoes for $2.00.
Vick's Floral Guide.
Two Ways Down.
The Rapid Dish Washer.
Commissioners' Notice.
Statement Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Statement The Fidelity and Casualty Co.
Statement New York Plate Glass Insurance Co.
Statement Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Satisfactory Wall Papers.
Epps's Cocoa.
Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.
Messenger's Notice.
A Few New Things to Eat.

HERE AND THERE.

A western paper which has had an attack of the Populist fever, that for a time ran so high in one section of our fair land, thus announces its recovery:

This paper will as heretofore, be published in the interest of Kenyon and the farmers in this vicinity. It will be strongly Republican. A few years ago we became estranged from the grand old party and joined the Farmers' Alliance. We caught the political fever, our pulse ran high and our mind wandered. But unto us have been administered four bitter pills. Donnelly's egotism, Democratic doctrine, Cleveland's despotism, and Kansas anarchy, and we are perfectly cured. With this declaration we leave ourselves in the hands of our friends.

The manager of the Baltimore base ball team engaged champion pugilist Corbett to play on the team this season, but there was so much "kicking" he gave it up. No sluggers on our ball teams, thank you. But what's the matter with getting him to enter one of the big universities so he can play on the football team?

It takes a good deal of time, money and perseverance to mete out his deserts to a New York election boss, but Boss McKane is being made to feel the gradual tightening of the halter that is to shut off the flagrantly corrupt proceedings in which he has been engaging.

The world's fair was a great factor in advancing the cause of civilization, education and general culture; but it had one effect in the wrong direction. Thousands of Florida chameleons were sold and the "chameleon fad" was started. Now it is fashionable, in certain quarters at least, for well-bred women to wear lizards. They fasten the little reptiles to their dress waists with a golden chain, allow them to wander over their necks and dresses, pet and kiss them, and freeze them to death in the cold air of the northern winter. The Bergh society in New York has made an endeavor to stop the sale of the chameleons, but 'twill take more than that to stop the fad.

The Wilson bill is in the senate, and the senate finance committee announce that when they get through with it it won't be the same bill. It is proposed to remodel it on the lines laid down by the Democratic platform of tariff for revenue only. It will be so framed as to yield sufficient revenue for the expenditures of the government, and this probably means that the objectionable income tax will be removed. The bill, if remodeled as promised will at least have the virtue of consistency—at any rate a nearer approach to that virtue than the bill as passed by the house.

When Chicago University wants good and able men the telescope is turned toward Maine. Colby University has already given up President Small to Chicago, and now it is announced that Professor Shailer Mathews, also of Colby, has accepted a professorship in the divinity school of Chicago University, and will begin his duties there at the opening of the next school year. "They'll get President Whitman yet," is predicted.

The resolution passed by the house regarding the Hawaiian affair may have been intended to soothe the disturbed feelings of President Cleveland, and it may have that effect; but the only points in which it agrees with the president are that Minister Stevens assisted in the revolution, and that annexation is inexpedient. If the resolution means what it says, it means that President Cleveland's action in his attempt to restore the queen was "contrary to the spirit of American institutions."

There is only one way to endorse the president's course, and that is to proceed to restore the queen to her throne, by whatever means is necessary.

Blount's report indicates that the revolutionists were so weak that they could not possibly have been successful but for the moral support afforded by the presence of the United States troops. Yet the moral support of the troops was soon withdrawn, and the influence of the present administration has been exerted in behalf of the ex-queen as against the provisional government. Did the provisional government which Blount says was unable to establish itself, crumble to pieces when its alleged supporters were withdrawn, and the moral influence of the United States government was turn ed against it? As a matter of fact, it is generally acknowledged to be a firm and stable government, and the inherent weakness attributed to it by Commissioner Blount has never been apparent. Blount tried to prove too much.

The same gold pen was used by Speaker Crisp, Vice-President Stevenson and President Cleveland in signing the bill repealing the federal election laws. That pen will now become an historic memento. It should be placed on exhibition in a glass case, together with a shotgun or two, a few choice samples of tissue ballots, the official record of Boss McKane's career, and a few other similar mementoes.

HIDING IN JAIL.

Detective F. L. Odlin of Lewiston and Detective Ira True have been sizing up the people in the jails up through the eastern part of the state, and in particular have been searching for two men who are wanted for breaking and entering. After looking through Bangor jail and hunting among the logging camps of the northern woods, they were on their way home through Augusta when they bethought themselves to look into Kennebec jail. There, behind the bars, they found the two men, one a New Brunswick fellow, and the other one, who is well known in Lewiston. The New Brunswick man didn't know Odlin or the Hallowell detective, but the Lewiston man knew them both and said to Odlin, "D——n you, Odlin, I believe this is a put-up job with you fellows." In that he gave himself away and when this term is up they will be arrested again.

It is a great trick of these fellows to hide right in the household of the law. When they are wanted for a crime they will go and get thirty days for intoxication, and hide in jail under an assumed name.

SOUTH PARIS.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

First Congregational Church, R. J. Haughton, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching services, 10:45 A. M. and 7:00 P. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Wednesday prayer meeting, 7:00 P. M.; Christian Endeavor meeting on Friday, 7:00 P. M.

Methodist Church, Rev. H. L. Nichols, Pastor. On Sunday, morning prayer meeting, 9:30 A. M.; preaching service, 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; Epworth League Meeting, 6 P. M.; evening prayer meeting 7 P. M.; Tuesday prayer meeting, 7:30 P. M. Class meeting, Friday, 7:45 P. M.

Baptist Church. Rev. T. J. Ramsdell, Pastor. On Sunday, preaching service 10:45 A. M.; Sabbath School 12 M.; prayer meeting 7:00 P. M. Tuesday evening prayer meeting 7:30 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Regular meeting Tuesday evening on or before full moon.

I. O. O. F.—Mount Mica Lodge, regular meetings, Thursday evening of each week.—Aurora Encampment, first and third Monday evenings of each month.

P. of H.—Paris Grange, second Saturday of each month. The Grange store is open for trade Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

U. O. G. C.—First and third Thursdays.

I. O. G. T.—South Paris Lodge, No. 311, meets every other Monday evening in the G. A. R. Hall.

G. A. R.—W. K. Kimball Post, No. 148, meets Saturday on or before full moon, in G. A. R. Hall, at 7:30 P. M.

Wm. K. Kimball Relief Corps meets first and third Thursday evenings of each month, in G. A. R. Hall, at 7:30.

S. of V.—Adelbert C. McArdle Camp meets second and fourth Friday evenings of each month at 7 o'clock, at G. A. R. Hall.

N. E. O. P.—Nancy Brook Lodge, No. 181, meets at G. A. R. Hall first and third Friday evenings of each month.

J. F. Plummer has been quite sick the past week.

L. S. Billings is gaining.

Wm. A. Frothingham went to Berlin, N. H., Thursday.

Miss Minnie Plummer made her parents a short visit the past week.

Bring all the cross-eyed children to Dr. Richards to be fitted with spectacles. Save their sight and improve their appearance. No charge for examination. See ad in another column.

Considering the stormy day of Feb. 10th, there was a good attendance at the Paris Grange Hall, where they conferred the second and third degrees on two candidates. There is a good interest manifested, as exemplified in the creditable manner in which the following program was fully carried out—subject, Education:

Quotations, bearing on the subject.
Select Reading. Stella Davis.
Music.
Essay, Does the word Education mean more than a knowledge of books? H. E. Carter.
Question, Are the schools doing more for the boys and girls of the present day than they did thirty years ago for us?

Richardson & Kenney, our enterprising hardware dealers, buy goods in large quantities and take advantage of the low prices. Two carloads of nails in a single invoice is a sample of their methods of doing business.

If you want good yellow corn meal for ninety-four cents per bag, call on A. E. Shurtleff at the flour mill. A large lot of old corn just received.

Rev. W. H. Bolster and wife of Dorchester, Mass., are visiting his brother, N. D. Bolster.

James A. Brooks, of West Paris, has moved into the Chesley house on Park Street. He intends opening a meat market.

Mr. J. F. Doble has bought the Azel Tuttle place and will move in a few days.

The union meetings have been well attended the past week and with good results.

The M. E. Sunday School has made a large addition to its library. They have over 800 volumes now suitable for old and young.

Golden Cross meeting to-night at 7:30 sharp.

About fifty couples attended the masquerade Thursday evening and reported a good time. We are sorry to say that the effects of the ardent were shown in more than one case.

Dr. Sutherland will be at Dr. C. L. Buck's office the last of next week to demonstrate his new method of extracting.

Miss Eva Richardson will have an entertainment at her school house next Thursday evening. Secure your tickets early for there are only a limited number.

Mrs. A. M. Gerry is no better.

Rev. Mr. Hinckley will return to his home to-day.

Mrs. Nancy Dunham is quite sick with an abscess in the throat.

Plummer has a good show of neckties. Look them over.

JOSIAH A. BUCKNAM.

A man who will be missed in Oxford County as much as any man not actually a resident of the county, was Josiah Appleton Bucknam of Mechanic Falls, who died suddenly at his home, Monday, Feb. 5.

Mr. Bucknam was 72 years of age, and his life of more than the allotted threescore and ten was an active, energetic, successful business life. He was born in Hebron. He was educated at the country schools of Hebron and himself taught school when twenty years of age, for $13 a month. He was prudent as a boy and much of a capitalist. On May 16, 1843, he took his limited capital to Portland, where he bought a peddler's cart and some dry goods which he drove that season through Cumberland and Oxford Counties with fair success.

In the fall of 1842 he went into partnership with his brother in a country store at West Minot. In 1847 they removed to Mechanic Falls and began to trade on the site of what is now the brick store of J. A. Bucknam & Co. Various other kinds of business have been carried on by Mr. Bucknam in company with others. The clothing business was established in 1854, and now occupies a building where as many as 80 hands have been employed in preparing the work for shipment and where 800 people in a circle of fifty miles have been on its pay roll.

Besides his activity in business, Mr. Bucknam was an active worker in religious, temperance and benevolent matters. He has built and helped build churches, has traveled hundreds and hundreds of miles in matters connected with religion and politics. He was originally a Democrat but when that party divided on the issue of temperance, he voted the temperance ticket for governor and became a Republican when that party was formed, with independent proclivities. He was a lively worker in politics and a frequent delegate to political conventions. He has been town treasurer and a representative in the State Legislature. He has always been a prominent temperance man. He was a trustee of the Universalist State Convention and never missed one of its gatherings. He was an energetic lay speaker and his counsels were valuable.

In personal life Mr. Bucknam possessed meritorious traits and firm, unmovable convictions. In 1849 he gave up the use of tobacco and never returned to it. In 1851 he became a pronounced teetotaler and prohibitionist. In 1853 he dedicated henceforth—for all his life, one-tenth of all his actual gain to benevolent objects. He kept all these pledges to the letter.

OBITUARY.

GILMAN A. NORTON.

Died in Porter, Jan. 1st, Gilman A. Norton, aged 55 years, 3 months, and 13 days.

Mr. Norton was the second son of Gilman J. and Abra Norton, and has always been a resident of this town.

Dec. 3, 1892, Mr. Norton was stricken with paralysis of the muscles. During the winter there was a slight improvement in his condition. As warm weather advanced this improvement became more marked. At this time his family and friends hoped he might be restored to a measure of health.

About the first of June his disease returned to him with renewed force, and from that time to his death, though he was treated by eminent and skillful physicians, and had the tender and untiring care of his devoted wife and son, and the kind sympathies of his many friends, he was a constant and intense sufferer.

Mr. Norton well performed his part in all the varied relations of life. As a husband and father, he was tender and affectionate; as a neighbor and friend, kind and true; as a townsman, he enjoyed in a large degree the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens, as shown by his repeated selection to positions of trust and honor. The loss of such a man, possessing so many good qualities, even from the walks of private life, can but be severely felt by his family, and his many friends. M. S. M.

NORWAY.

DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

Universalist Church, Rev. Caroline E. Angell, Pastor. Preaching service on Sunday, at 10:45 a. m.; Sabbath-school, 12:45 p. m.

Second Congregational Church, Rev. B. S. Rhleout, Pastor. Preaching service, Sunday, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 11:45 A. M.; Social Meeting, 7:00 P. M.; regular weekly Prayer Meeting, 7:30 P. M. Wednesday; Young People's meeting Friday at 7:30 P. M.

Methodist Church, Rev. J. H. Roberts, Pastor. Preaching Service, 10:30 A. M.; Sabbath School, 12:00 M.; Social Evening Meeting, 7:00 P. M.; Tuesday Prayer Meeting, 7:30 P. M.; Class Meeting, Friday, 7:30 P. M.

STATED MEETINGS.

F. & A. M.—Union R. A. C., No. 36, assembles Wednesday Evening, on or before full moon, at Masonic Hall. Regular meeting of Oxford Lodge, No. 18, in Masonic Hall, Monday Evening on or before full moon. Oxford Council, R. & S. M., Friday evening, on or after full moon.

Norway Division, Sons of Temperance, in Ryerson Hall every Saturday evening.

I. O. O. F.—Regular meeting in Odd Fellows' Hall, every Tuesday Evening. Wibley Encampment, No. 21, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall, second and fourth Friday Evenings of each month.

K. of P.—Regular meeting in Hathaway Block, every Thursday Evening. U. R., A. O. Noyes Division, No. 12, meets third Friday of each month.

G. A. R.—Harry Rust Post, No. 56, meets in Ryerson Hall on the third Friday Evening of each month.

S. of V.—Wellington Hobbs Camp meets the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month.

W. R. C.—Meets in Grange Hall third Friday evening in each month.

U. O. G. C.—Meets the 2d and 4th Thursday evenings of each month in Ryerson Hall.

P. of H.—Norway Grange meets every other Saturday at Grange Hall.

Norway Light Infantry.—Regular meetings the first and third Friday evenings of each month.

N. E. O. P.—Lakeside Lodge, No. 177, meets in Ryerson Hall, on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month.

E. F. Smith, Esq., New Grange Block, is the authorized local agent and correspondent of the Democrat for Norway and favors shown him will be appreciated by the publishers.

Ira Johnson stopped at the Elm House during the week while attending to his official duties as one of the municipal officers of the town.

Register of Probate, A. D. Park, of Paris, was in town Thursday.

M. L. Kimball, Esq., was in Auburn Wednesday on legal business.

A number of Grand Army men attended the G. A. R. Encampment at Bangor this week.

Stated Convocation of Union Royal Arch Chapter, No. 36, will be held at Masonic Hall Wednesday evening, Feb. 14th, at 7:30 P. M. Work P. M. Degree.

The village schools closed Friday of this week. The scholars will enjoy a short vacation before the spring term commences.

Eben W. Burbank, of the Burbank Seed Company, of Fryeburg, was in town this week.

The South Oxford Teachers' Association held its adjourned meeting Saturday afternoon. The exercises were very interesting. Mattie D. Tracy, Dr. A. N. French, C. F. Whitman and A. L. F. Pike took part in the exercises.

The second lecture given by Rev. B. S. Rideout at the Congregational church Sunday evening was most instructive and eloquently delivered. Charles Johnston sang a solo and the chorus assisted by Arthur Norseworthy added greatly to the meeting's interest.

The fair to be given by the W. R. C. and S. of V. at the Opera House Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Feb. 13th, 14th, and 15th, promises to be a most interesting affair. Stearns & Norseworthy's orchestra have been engaged for the grand ball which will take place Thursday evening to close the fair. Tickets 50 cents. Gallery seats 10 cents.

A large number of Norway citizens attended the Grange meeting at Bryant's Pond this week Tuesday.

W. E. Austin has been employed as foreman in the new paper mills at Mechanic Falls to take charge of the piping.

Mrs. Emerson Kilgore died very suddenly at her home at Norway Lake Sunday evening of heart failure. Her sickness has been very short indeed. She was a most estimable lady and left a husband, family and many friends.

The decorations for the Opera House will be furnished by Boston parties for the fair people.

The drama entitled the Virginia Veteran will be presented by local talent at the Opera House on the evening of the second day of the fair.

Gen. W. S. Choate and Col. L. H. Kendall inspected Co. D, 1st Regiment, Friday evening.

Written for the Oxford Democrat.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever enter into an argument on finance, politics or religion, for the purpose of convincing a person or persons of the error of their ways, and then, having exhausted your stock of wind and profoundest knowledge, and having paused a moment for a reply, your audience would seem to appear as though nothing of any moment had been said, and immediately commence a conversation on some commonplace topic? Presuming that you have, is there anything that will take the conceit out of a fellow sooner than this?

Apropos of the above, I will relate an incident which happened to a man, whose name I will not mention, not wishing to become personal. For short we will dub him Talker.

Meeting a couple of his townsmen on the highway, they drew up for a social chat. Talker, being something of an enthusiast on financial reform, soon enters into the spirit of convincing his hearers of the necessity of a change in the administration of our financial affairs at the head of the nation, laying down the case as none other could. After an exhaustive peroration while he was waiting a moment for breath, one of his hearers turns to his companion, "Do you know of anybody that has got an odd steer kaff?"

Kick a man's shins, spit in his face, call him a liar, he has some show for resentment; but to leave a man without any show of appreciation, either to reject or approve, is too much, and whoever would bet that Talker did not indulge in adjectives away down deep in his mind, commencing with the 4th and 6th letters of the alphabet, would be liable to lose his stake. G. T.

FEBRUARY COSMOPOLITAN.

The secret of the great success of The Cosmopolitan is not so hard to find, if one looks carefully over the number for February. A story by Valdes, the famous Spanish novelist, the first from his pen to appear in any American magazine, is begun in this number. Arthur Sherburne Hardy's story, "A Rejected Manuscript," is charmingly illustrated by L. Marold, who we believe makes his first appearance in the magazines on this side of the water. A profusely illustrated article on the designing and building of a war-ship appeals to the interest taken by all in the new navy, and a thrilling description of a naval combat under the significant title, "The Meloban and the Pentheroy" describes, after the manner of the Battle of Dorking, a possible sea-fight, the outcome of which is watched by the entire naval world. "Gliding Flight" is an interesting contribution to the problem of aerial navigation by one who has studied the flight of soaring birds in the east for twenty years. Elaine Goodale, who married a member of the Sioux nation, has some interesting information of Indian Wars and Warriors. T. C. Crawford, the Washington correspondent, gives the first half of a startling story, under the title of "The Disappearance Syndicate." The poetry in this number by Sir Edwin Arnold, Graham R. Tomson and William Young, is unusually good. The Departments, "In the World of Art and Letters" and the "Progress of Science" continue to have as contributors men famous in both continents.

INSURANCE IN MAINE.

Returns showing the business transacted in Maine during the year 1893 by all fire and marine insurance companies doing business in the state have been received at the insurance department and show the following results:

Fire risks written, $107,633,693.97.
Premiums received thereon, $1,586,927.09.
Fire losses paid, $936,605.42.
Fire losses incurred, $943,524.50.
Marine risks written, $18,116,719.
Premiums received thereon, $252,962.05.
Marine losses paid, $186,598.31.

Compared with the business of 1892, this shows an increase of $3,745,466.46 in the amount of fire insurance written, and an increase of $158,534.53 in the premiums received thereon, and a decrease of $102,258.89 in the fire losses incurred.

The chairman of Bath's fire committee says he'd rather have one soldier to guard property than three policemen.

THE WEEK IN MAINE.

THE MOST IMPORTANT STATE NEWS BRIEFLY TOLD.

The festive burglar resumed operations on the Maine circuit Thursday night, wrecking the safe in Hooker's grist mill at Bath. About $100 was the amount of the haul.

Some of our Bowdoin friends indulge in the hope that Chief Justice Fuller may induce President Cleveland to attend the college centennial with him next June.

Two thousand barrels of potatoes were sold on one Fort Fairfield street last Friday. It is explained that the farmers are rushing the tubers to market before the Wilson bill gets through.

In January, 1854, a man made a deposit of $6 in the Gardiner Savings Bank. Last month, just 50 years afterward, the bank book was taken into the bank and the amount withdrawn. How much did that $6 with interest amount to? Just $139.66.

A crazy quilt awarded by guess at an Odd Fellows' fair in Winthrop, has got into the courts. The possession of it depends upon whether the guessing scheme by which it was awarded was a game of chance. It has already caused considerable expense.

Several tramps who thought they could run the town of Monroe "to their liking" came in contact with Sheriff Twombly. When one tramp drew a razor on the sheriff the officer intermingled said tramp, the surrounding atmosphere and the dust of the floor. It is said the tramp resembled a pin wheel at Fourth of July fireworks.

There were so many families in Maine that gave freely of their best to the cause of the Union that some exceptional instance of sacrifice and bravery seems required to excite comment. Such an instance was afforded by the Greer family of Belmont, Waldo County. Of nine brothers, six served with honor in the Union army. One was killed in battle, one died of wounds at the front, and one died in the hospital from disease contracted in the service.

Investigation is being made as to the alleged brutal treatment of Charles Goodridge, aged 28, the demented son of Hiram Goodridge, confined at his home in Kennebunkport. Deputy Sheriff Stackpole, who is making an investigation finds that the young man has been fastened to a bed with an ox chain and shackle for a year and a half. The bedroom is small, damp, poorly ventilated and very filthy. An endeavor is being made to have him sent to the insane hospital.

Hiram A. Hackett, belonging in Freeman, Maine, has been arrested in Winnipeg, Manitoba, charged with stealing $21,000 worth of bonds. He was a stepson of the late Israel R. Bray, and was one of the executors of his estate. In October last, Hackett left home for an extended tour in the West. Previous to his departure, he went to the safety deposit vaults in Portland and withdrew the securities, taking them with him. The loss of the securities was not discovered until quite recently. Extradition proceedings have been begun.

The state pension department issued 1303 certificates to pensioners last year, requiring an expenditure of $63,000. The appropriation was $65,500, which leaves $1700 to lapse into the treasury. Since the opening of the new year Pension Agent Milliken has received 169 applications for pensions, of which 41 were new ones, an unusually large percentage. The state is obliged to bear an additional burden through the action of the United States Pension Department in cutting off pensions. Many of those who have been cut off come to the state department for aid. The oldest pensioner on the state rolls is Maria Wilson of West Gardiner, 93 years of age.

Cornish is talking about the celebration of its one hundredth birthday, which will come on the 26th day of February. Previous to Feb. 26, 1794, the place was called "Pumpkin Town," and later, "The Plantation of Francisboro." The first election was held at the house of Asahel Cole, near the centre of the town in 1794. There were only 109 voters in Cornish when the first tax-list was made. G. F. Ridlon, author of "Early Settlers of Harrison" and other works, is now writing up the "History of the Saco Valley Settlements and Families." He has been 25 years in preparing this work and is not through yet. It is hoped that he will be at Union Hall, Cornish, Monday evening, Feb. 26th, and tell what he knows of Cornish's 100 years.

The annual encampment of the Department of Maine, G. A. R., was held in Bangor last Tuesday and Wednesday. J. Wesley Gillman of Oakland was elected department commander for the ensuing year. The reports show that the number of members of the order in good standing on the 31st of December was 9,275, a loss of a few hundred from the preceding year. Among the resolutions adopted were the following:

Resolved, That the department of Maine condemns the action of the pension bureau in cancelling or withholding the pension of any soldier or soldier's widow without due notice and just and sufficient cause, as a great wrong. And

"Resolved, That as members of the G. A. R., we pledge ourselves to stand united and work earnestly for the protection of the rights of our pensioners, believing that a grateful and patriotic people will never consent to see the defenders of the Union wronged or left to want."

Hon. Edward Wiggin, master of the state grange, has sent to the Patrons of Husbandry and other farmers of Maine the following announcement: "Desiring to extend in all possible ways the educational influence of the Maine State Grange, and recognizing the grand work the State College is doing for Maine agriculture, the State Master is pleased to announce to the Patrons and to the farmers generally throughout the state that he has been able to make arrangements with the president and faculty of the Maine State College whereby the farmers of Maine, who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity, may receive instruction in the science of agriculture at a trifling expense. The plan is briefly this: "Wherever a class of twelve or more farmers desire a course of six lectures on the practical principles of agricultural science, they can secure the services of one of the professors of the college by simply paying the expenses of his transportation and subsistence. The professor will bring with him all necessary apparatus, and the members of the class will be expected to take notes of the lectures, and to devote themselves during the course to the study of the principles taken up each evening."

FREE.

A handsome three-quarter life-size crayon-portrait free at Hamlin & Bicknell's.

In order to demonstrate that we appreciate the liberal patronage received from our customers, and to offer unparalleled inducements to cash patrons, we have made arrangements whereby we can present all our customers with a handsome portrait of any one they may select.

There is not a family but possesses some picture of father, mother, brother, sister, or some dear one who has departed this life, which they would like to have reproduced in a life-like and artistic manner. To those who have seen these portraits, no word of recommendation is necessary; to those who have not, we would say, call at once and see specimen at our store.

We know of nothing more suitable for a present or valuable keepsake, and the public are rapidly taking advantage of our very liberal offer.

Agents are selling an inferior picture for from $10 to $18. You are entitled to a portrait for each ticket punched out.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES' STIPEND.

The state stipend for agricultural societies has been apportioned, and the Oxford County societies get the following amounts:

Oxford County, $269.
Riverside Park, $162.
West Oxford, $139.
Androscoggin Valley, $418.
North Oxford, $96.

PENSIONS.

A supplemental pension has been granted to George P. Tucker, South Paris.

A re-issue has been granted to Orris W. Phelps of Bethel.

THE EXCURSION.

THE DEMOCRAT HAS BRIDGED THE OCEAN.

Ocean steamships have, by improved machinery, reduced the time in crossing to about five days and there is no little talk about building a tunnel from the American shore to some point in Europe. In the face of what has been done, none of these gigantic enterprises are impossible.

The Democrat has bridged the ocean.

Heretofore it has only been those "who rode in chaises" who could go to Europe and enjoy the wonderful sights and scenes of the old world but to-day those who have to walk can go as well, for though ours is a toll bridge the fee is so small that no one need be debarred from crossing.

The Democrat's Portfolio of Photographs is the bridge that has been constructed and it is a work of both mechanical and high art. An inspection of the Democrat's Portfolios of Photographs is equivalent to a tour of the world. The photographs contained in this collection are views from all parts of the world and the complete series will constitute an art album of rare merit.

We offer sunshine.

Sunshine that makes homes happy and transports distant climes with all their wealth of natural and artificial scenery, to the very parlors of our readers, in the form of splendid photographs, views of everything that is interesting and wonderful. Portraits of the world's most famous people; in fact a grand panorama of the world from creation to the present time, presenting to view, pictured scenes of famous battles in the world's history, buried cities, mysterious ruins, gloomy prisons, frowning towers, feudal castles, great battleships, cathedrals, mosques, churches, obelisks, famous parks and fountains, beautiful lakes, bewildering and awful mountain scenes, magnificent cities, celebrated sculptures, famous paintings, works of art from imperial galleries, scenes from the holy land, tropical forests, imposing and costly buildings, triumphal arches, mausoleums, monuments, statues, caves, caverns, canals; including portraits of men and women who ruled the world, showing their homes and scenes in their lives.

Portfolio 7 will appear this week and will contain the following photographs:

Garden of Hong Kong, Hong Kong, China.

English Quarter, City of Hong Kong, China.

Rain Temple at Tien-Tsin, China.

Caravan at Rest, China.

Ancient Astronomical Instruments, India.

A Native House, Ecuador.

Mount Chimborazo.

Carriers of Quito.

The Public Fountains at Quito, Ecuador.

Portico of Capitol, Quito, Ecuador.

Street in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic.

Post Station between Ambato and Quito.

The Royal Road from Bodegas to Guaranda, Ecuador.

The Second Nile Cataract.

Nile Boats at El-Gizeh, Egypt.

Boating on the Nile.

An Egyptian Street.

A Company of English Artillery in the Desert.

Alexandria, Egypt, after the Bombarding and the Looting.

The Suez Canal, between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

Khartoum, the scene of General Gordon's Death.

Next week our travels in Egypt will be continued.

If you did not get the portfolios Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, you can secure them by sending or bringing us 15 cents apiece without coupons.

There will be 26 portfolios in all, each containing 16 pages.

The Democrat's readers will have the rare chance of securing these portfolios on the following conditions:

HOW TO DO IT.

Each week cut out the art coupon in the Democrat and send to us with ten cents and you will receive the art portfolio of the same number as the coupon you send us, of "The World and its People by Sunlight," the famous work introduced by that noted traveler, scholar and writer, John Clark Ridpath, LL. D.

Each portfolio will contain 16 pages and there will be 26 portfolios. The whole series will make a most valuable art collection. For your own pleasure and for the information of your children, you should have the complete series, and you should seize the opportunity now. If you are already getting the Democrat all you have to do is to save your coupons and pennies. If you are not getting the Democrat send us your name and address and the paper will be sent you for $1.50 per year or 75 cents for six months. Single copies four cents.

The coupons will appear regularly each week. Look out for them:

ATWOOD & FORBES, Publishers.

Oxford Democrat.

Voyage Around the World

ART SERIES NO. 7.

Coupon No. 7.

3 NUMBERS CHANGE EACH WEEK

☞ Send or bring this Coupon, together with ten cents, and you will receive Portfolio No. 7 of "THE WORLD AND ITS PEOPLE BY SUNLIGHT."

See particulars above.

BORN.

In Buckfield, Jan. 27, to the wife of Horace Dunn, a son.

MARRIED.

In Norway, Feb. 3, by Rev. J. E. Budden, George W. Herrick and Jennie H. Frost, both of Norway.

In Rumford Falls, Jan. 25, by Rev. D. F. Faulkner, George Howard of Grand Falls, N. B., and Lula Richardson of Rumford Falls.

In Lewiston, Feb 4, James Daniels of Worcester, Mass., and Agnes Vehne of Oxford.

DIED.

In Bethel, Francis Barker, aged about 80 years.

In Hiram, Feb. 4, Mrs. Elizabeth Plummer Hoilis, aged 86 years.

In Brownfield, Feb. 6, Ezra Rounds.

In Kezar Falls, Feb. 3, Abram Chapman.

In Augusta, Feb. 5, Mrs. Charles Whidden of Dennysville.

In Mechanic Falls, Feb. 5, Josiah Appleton Bucknam, formerly of Hebron, aged 72 years.

In Rumford Falls, Jan. 26, James D. Marden, aged 32 years.

In Westchesterfield, Mass., Jan. 27, Hannibal B. Smith, formerly of Paris, aged 88 years and 6 months.

Paskola

A Flesh Forming Food

(Artificially Digested.)

For pale, thin people. The tired and weary feeling which accompanies all wasting diseases will be relieved at once, the wasting will be arrested and new healthy tissue will be formed so that they will become plump and strong. An increase in weight will be noticed at once. It is stimulating although it contains no alcohol. It is assimilated without digestive effort. Paskola supersedes Cod Liver Oil, but has not its repulsive taste. Send for pamphlet. Agents wanted everywhere. Address

The Pre-Digested Food Co.,

186 Duane Street, New York.

F. A. SHURTLEFF, So. Paris, Me.

SPECIAL SALE.

Satisfactory Wall Papers.

Send 8 cents for postage. 100 samples half price. F. H. CADY, Providence, R. I., guarantees to suit you.

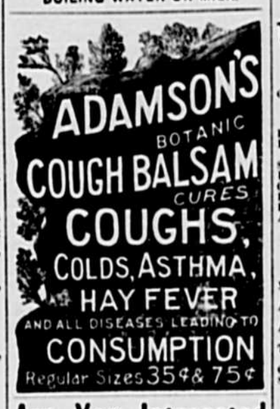
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

COCOA

BOILING WATER OR MILK.



Are You Interested

In this Young Lady?

Your interest will increase to positive affection if you read about her in Our New Copyrighted, Illustrated Serial.

A FIGHT FOR MILLIONS

It is a Great Story, full of striking situations and replete with human interest. We advise you to read it.

IT WILL PLEASE YOU

A FEW NEW THINGS TO EAT.

The Franklin Mills Company Entire Wheat Flour, (the best health flour made.)

Barrels, $6.00.

Half Barrels, $3.25.

Less Quantity 4 cts. per pound.

Wheatlet, a new Breakfast food

2 pound Package 13 cts.

Quaker Buckwheat, 3 lbs. 18 cts.

N. Dayton Bolster & Co.,

25 Market Square,

SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

MASON & HAMLIN

Sold for cash and easy payments. New styles just introduced. Send for Illustrated Catalogues.

New York. BOSTON. Chicago.

ORGANS & PIANOS

HINDERCORNS.

The only guaranteed Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. Hinden & Co., N.Y.

ASTHMA For CONSUMPTIVE

EDWARDS' CINDER TONIC. It has cured when all else failed. Sold by druggists or sent by express, $1.00 per bottle. Book of testimonials and 12 days' treatment free. Dr. A. H. EDWARDS, Shelby, Mich.

Two Ways Down.

The quickest way is to drop.

The safest way is to advertise for a ladder in the want column of the DEMOCRAT.

51ST ANNUAL STATEMENT.

January 1, 1894.

Holyoke Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,

OF SALEM, MASS.

Incorporated 1843.

Amount at Risk, $37,413,927.00.

CASH ASSETS.

Real Estate,	$ 43,150 00
Mortgages,	132,800 00
Bonds, Stocks, etc.,	644,551 75
Interest Accrued, etc.,	11,719 10
Premiums due, gross,	1,188 21
Cash,	9,297 58
	$842,711 59
LIABILITIES.	
Reserved for Re-insurance,	$209,974 74
Unpaid Losses,	7,059 42
Commissions,	231 97
Guaranty Capital,	100,000 00
Surplus over all Liabilities,	465,434 46
	$842,711 59
Contingent Assets,	$589,022 79

Dividends on Policies for one year, 35 per cent.
Dividends on Policies for three years, 50 per cent.
Dividends on Policies for five years, 70 per cent.

A. F. LEWIS, Fryeburg, Agent.

The Fidelity and Casualty Co.,

OF NEW YORK.

Incorporated March 20, 1876.
Commenced Business in May, 1876.

GEO. F. SEWARD, Pres. ROBERT J. HILLAS, Sec'y.

Capital Paid up in Cash, $250,000.

ASSETS, DEC. 31, 1893.

Real Estate unincumbered,	$ 29,200 00
Loans on bonds and mortgage, first liens,	22,600 00
Stocks and bond, market value,	1,372,447 25
Loans secured by collaterals,	3,000 00
Cash in office and in bank,	140,179 10
Interest due and accrued,	4,544 63
Premiums in due course of collection,	451,702 84
All other property belonging to Company,	63,042 35
Aggregate assets at actual value,	$2,086,716 17

LIABILITIES DEC. 31, 1893.

Net amount of unpaid losses and claims,	$ 307,929 73
Amount required to safely re-insure all outstanding risks,	1,214,061 98
All other demands, viz.: commissions, etc.,	144,647 86
Total liabilities, except capital stock and net surplus,	1,667,239 55
Capital actually paid up in cash,	250,000 00
Surplus beyond capital,	169,516 62
Aggregate amount of liabilities including net surplus,	$2,086,756 17

W. J. WHEELER, So. Paris, Agent.

ANNUAL STATEMENT 1894.

Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co.,

OF QUINCY, MASS.

Incorporated in 1851.
Commenced Business in 1851.

CHAS. A. HOWLAND, President.
Secretary, WILLIAM H. FAY.

ASSETS DECEMBER 31, 1893.

Real estate owned by the company, unincumbered,	$17,000 00
Loans on bond and mortgage (first liens),	63,150 00
Stocks and bonds, market value,	344,070 00
Loans secured by collaterals,	131,300 00
Cash in office and in bank,	38,

The Oxford Democrat.

"ON THE HILL."

DIRECTORY.

First Baptist Church: Rev. A. P. Weige, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Sabbath Evening Service at 7 P. M. Prayer Meetings Thursday Evenings at 7 o'c P. M.

Universalist Church: Sunday School every Sunday at 11 A. M.

O. A. Maxim has bought the Harry Whitman place.

W. N. Daniels and family are at their house in the village during court.

Miss Mildred Willis has been out of the post office for the past week on account of illness.

Mr. E. H. Bragg of North Sidney, with "chub" and two other dogs, is visiting Wirt Stanley.

Everett Perkins has opened a barber shop in the room which he formerly occupied at Mrs. Mason's.

R. K. Eastman has sold his interest in the Groveton, (N. H.) Enterprise to his partner, A. D. Ellingwood.

Deputy Sheriff Tucker of West Paris brought out a box of the ardent which he had seized last Friday and had it libeled in Judge Davis's court.

The road machine put in part of a day's work last week between the Hill and the "guldeboard" corner. A summer road machine for use on snow roads has its good points—also some drawbacks.

Henry Poland and John Berry, two of the five bound over to this term of court on the charge of larceny of hens, are now serving sentence of 90 days in Androscoggin County jail for larceny of hens. They were tried and sentenced last week.

Apropos of the hen case, a Paris Hill woman remarks: "The idea of a lot of men spending almost a whole day trying to decide whether a man can identify his own hens! Don't you suppose I could pick out my biddies from among a hundred others?"

Ten more of those Light Brahma hens were discovered last week, in the cellar of an unoccupied house at Oxford, and they are now in the possession of Register Park. They are positively identified as Lester E. Robinson's hens. Those who have worked up the matter are very much pleased with the present status of affairs, and say they have a sure case against the thieves; but when you ask them what makes them think so, they smile knowingly and say they're not giving away their case.

There will be a fine entertainment and promenade at Academy Hall Friday evening of this week. Miss Florence Stinchfield of Auburn, soprano singer, a young lady of rare ability, and Miss Maud Mayo of Auburn, elocutionist, already a favorite among us, will be present. They will be assisted by local talent and all lovers of a first class entertainment should avail themselves of this opportunity and give them a good house. For further particulars see bills.

The winners of the seven Demorest silver medals will contest for the gold medal at the Baptist church this Tuesday evening. The system by which these speakers have been selected is a sufficient guarantee of first-class entertainment at the gold medal contest. Music will be furnished by the Hebron Academy Quartette. Program:

Music,	Quartette.
1. Recitation, The New fashioned Man,	Archie Cole.
2. Recitation, A Glorious Monument,	Grace Harlow.
Music,	Quartette.
3. Recitation, The Martyred Mother,	Una Taylor.
4. Recitation, Home versus Saloon,	Dora Colby.
Music,	Quartette.
5. Recitation, A Vision of Prohibition,	Caro Thayer.
6. Recitation, Nationalism against Sectionalism,	Mary Andrews Stanley.
Music,	Quartette.
7. Recitation,	Minnie Andrews.
Music,	Quartette.
Presentation of Medal.	

Ice cream, cake and coffee will be for sale after the entertainment. Proceeds for the benefit of the reading room. Admission 15 cents. Speaking at 7:30 o'clock.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT.

FEBRUARY TERM, 1894.

COURT OFFICERS.

Hon. Enoch Foster, Justice Presiding.
Albert S. Austin, Clerk.
Minta S. Powers, Stenographer.
E. F. Smith, County Attorney.
James L. Parker, Sheriff.
H. E. Hammond, Deputy as Crier.
Chandler Garland, Jailer.
W. A. Barrows, Messenger.
Herrick C. Davis, Librarian.

GRAND JURY.

Willard B. Wight, Newry, Foreman
Elias B. Abbott, Rumford.
Frank R. Andrews, Woodstock.
John L. Bailey, Andover.
Orin R. Barrows, Stow.
Isaac H. Berry, Denmark.
James F. Bicknell, Buckfield.
George S. Blake, Brownfield.
William F. Caldwell, Oxford.
H. R. Godwin, Bethel.
Arthur S. Hall, Paris.
Andrew S. Hapgood, Waterford.
H. I. Holt, Norway.
L. H. McCollister, Canton.
Charles Stanley, Dixfield.
Hazen W. Stevens, Fryeburg.
Charles S. Walker, Peru.
Almon Young, Hiram.

The February term of court opens at Paris this Tuesday morning, Judge Foster presiding. Venires for traverse jurors have been returned as follows:

Charles L. Bartlett, Stoneham.
Ingalls Bragg, Andover.
A. P. Brooks, Grafton.
L. A. Carter, Norway.
Eben E. Chapman, Gilead.
Horatio Chandler, Sumner.
J. M. Chesley, Hebron.
Daniel R. Dearborn, Canton.
Virgil P. DeCoster, Buckfield.
John L. Dike, Hiram.
Samuel S. Dorr, Mexico.
Charles Edwards, Paris.
Seymour A. Farrington, Fryeburg.
Ellery C. Frost, Hanover.
George G. Gates, Dixfield.
George W. Gray, Denmark.
Josiah Hall, Peru.
N. A. Holt, Greenwood.
Hiram R. Hubbard, Paris.
W. O. Merrifield, Porter.
S. H. Millett, Norway.
Mark E. Perry, Sweden.
Eben E. Rounds, Brownfield.
Frank J. Russell, Bethel.
Calvin L. Sanborn, Bethel.
Sumner L. Stone, Waterford.
Charles F. Wheeler, Rumford.

The continued civil docket contains a total of 209 cases,—a rather larger number than for the last few terms. This does not indicate, however, that the trial list will necessarily be longer than usual. A large proportion of cases are matters which would not come before the jury any way; and trying cases seems to be going out of style. Perhaps it is too expensive.

It is reported that the well-advertised Butterfield divorce matter is to come on early in the term, and that it will be of such a character as will make a bright and shining ornament to the pages of the Police Gazette.

The jail has seven inmates, only two of whom are committed to await this term of court. Abner D. Thorne was committed in default of bail on the charge of larceny of a gold dollar from the post office, but charges of burglary and homicide against him will be given to the grand jury. Melvin B. Morey has to answer to a charge of forgery. He married a girl of 13, a paper purporting to give her father's consent having been forged.

The other four inmates of the jail are serving sentences for different offences. Isaac Moody completes four sentences of thirty days each and goes out this Tuesday morning. Eugene G. Merrifield has settled the bastardy matter on which he was confined and went out about ten days since.

The principal matter of interest at this term will be the case of Abner D. Thorne, the boy burglar, whose brief but phenomenal career, already fully detailed in the columns of the Democrat, terminated with the death of Harry Whitman on the morning of the 18th of last November.

THE OXFORD BEARS.

THE DOINGS OF THE WEEK IN ALL SECTIONS OF THE COUNTY.

RUMFORD FALLS.

Owing to the breaking of a casting on the water wheel gate at the electric light station Rumford Falls has been in darkness for a few nights past. Superintendent Eaton says they will be running all right in a few days.

A large audience gathered at the Wigwam to hear Prof. Dennett and others last Wednesday evening. The entertainment was gotten up under the auspices of the Universalist Society. The singing by Miss Jordan and Mrs. Morrison was heartily applauded. At intermission, midway of the entertainment, refreshments of ice-cream, cake and coffee were served. All went home pronouncing it a grand success.

The first assembly of Prof. Chase's dancing school was held at the Wigwam last Thursday evening.

P. A. Jordan has sold out his stock of boots and shoes to S. J. Genya of Berlin, who will continue the business as before.

Six candidates were given the initiatory degree by Pennacook Lodge, I. O. O. F., last Tuesday evening.

Rumford Clothing Co. are closing out their stock preparatory to suspending business here.

Deputy Sheriff F. A. Porter and wife returned from their visit in Massachusetts last Thursday afternoon.

HEBRON.

The students held a sociable Wednesday evening in Sturtevant Hall.

Six weeks of the winter term already gone.

Relatives and others from this place attended the funeral of J. A. Bucknam at Mechanic Falls Thursday afternoon. Mr. Bucknam was a native of Hebron and always continued a frequent visitor.

The children here have had quite a fever collecting postage stamps. F. R. Glover's little boys have over 1000 different kinds.

We are not given to complaining at slight mistakes, but would suggest to the Democrat that P. M. in last week's items was meant for afternoon instead of postmaster as printed. The idea of the "postmaster's mail" was new to us and struck us rather funny to say the least.

We are glad to say that Mrs. S. D. Richardson is gaining and now able to be around her room. C.

SUMNER.

A delegation from this place attended the Good Templars' circle at East Sumner Tuesday evening of last week.

There was a pound party at V. Dunn's Thursday night, Feb. 1st. Over seventy were present.

Eliphalet Morrill remains about the same.

As far as we learn there are no new cases of sickness this week.

Corry Bonney of West Sumner is at Wm. Abbott's doing chores while he is away visiting.

NORTH ALBANY.

Miss Fannie Eames has gone to work on Bethel Hill.

George W. Kimball made a flying trip home last Saturday, and returned again Sunday afternoon.

Leland Kimball has gone to Shelburne this week to stay with his cousin, G. W. Kimball.

WEST SUMNER.

Packard & Young have sawed 80,000 of lumber at their mill this winter.

Card party at Wallace Ryerson's Wednesday evening. A good time was enjoyed by all.

C. M. Packard, H. T. Heath and wives were at West Paris Tuesday evening.

The best of sleighing.

F. R. Barrett is soon to move to Andover to care for Mr. Barrett's aged father and mother.

Wm. T. Bonney is hauling maple to Buckfield for Packard & Young.

S. H. Wetherbee was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. G. W. Heath has been spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. Lunt, at Buckfield.

Oscar Swift is to build a long shed in connection with his barn this spring.

Mrs. H. T. Heath has been spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Elmer Tuell, at West Paris.

SOUTH RUMFORD.

Job Morrill, with his wife and son, is visiting at Mrs. Morrill's mother's, Mrs. Erastus Abbott's, and at her uncle's, M. L. Wyman's, this week.

C. M. Elliott has been helping M. L. and W. A. Wyman get up their wood.

W. F. Clark was at home a couple of days last week. He is working in the woods in Byron.

Mrs. Porter of Andover visited her daughter, Mrs. Clara Bessey, this week.

School in District No. 4, which has been taught by Maydell Hemingway, closes this week.

NORTH BUCKFIELD.

Reuel Gray's stand was sold to J. B. Damon, and his personal property to different parties by public auction a few days ago.

Mrs. Africa Farrar is at home once more after a number of months' absence.

Wm. Cressey has gone to Salem, Mass., to stop a while.

Morrill & Parsons have got through cutting lumber, and now have eight or ten men cutting cord wood on their Alden Keen lot in Sumner.

Charles Coffren has sold his colt to Jefferson Russell.

Oscar Turner of Hartford was at his father's one day last week.

Harry Heald has gone to Bowdoin College for another term.

Fred Heald was at Lewiston on business the 6th.

GREENWOOD.

Another touch of zero weather Monday morning, but the roads have been put in good shape again since the storm, and it is doubtful if there has been more good sleighing up to the present date in any winter during the last century. Certainly a better winter for out door business we could not have, but the business itself is lacking, and there's the rub, and a hard one it is in New York and Brooklyn, according to the weekly report, to say nothing of other places. Let's see, when did they promise to get round so as to make times better?

Rev. Mr. Bryant had an appointment for an illustrated temperance lecture at the City last Wednesday evening, but on account of the traveling it was deferred till Monday evening. Report says the entertainment was very interesting and well attended.

Nelson Jackson has been getting in birch, but is now hauled up with a sore hand. His hired man is doing what he can at it alone.

That conundrum in the December Storyteller was well gotten up, and equally well answered by Calchas. If the person just mentioned had given due attention to writing poetry, as it seems to us he ought to have done, he would be standing at the head to-day, as a Maine verse writer.

BYRON.

We are reconciled to last week's furious storm when we learn it was much milder here than out in the settlements.

The loggers at Storer & McLaughlin's camp are still afflicted with the mumps, new cases breaking out every few days.

Jewelry peddlers are beginning to flock into camp, indicating the men are accumulating a surplus.

Will Day and Bert Wing of Mexico are in town, thinking the fishing season had arrived. It would take more whiskey than Mexico can furnish to bring my courage up to the fishing point with mercury at 12° below, as it is here of late.

Lida Abbott is spending a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. L. W. Smith at Canton, and her brother Freeland, our tax collector, becoming frenzied with loneliness, "struck out" last week on a visiting tour, with fire in his eye, threatening to "jug" several delinquent tax payers if he came across them.

Rosetta Shaw's numerous friends are much pleased to learn that she is more comfortable.

Wallace Reed and wife are visiting a few days at his father's, A. O. Reed's.

A. O. Reed arrived home with a new stock of goods Saturday.

FRYEBURG.

The Fryeburg Chatauqua circle met Monday evening with Miss Mary Bradley.

On Tuesday evening the ladies' missionary society held a very pleasant meeting at Mrs. Dr. Lamson's.

The Fryeburg Academy debating society had a lively discussion of the tariff question, at their last meeting. The next subject for debate will be the income tax.

Dr. H. L. Bartlett has begun vaccinating the inhabitants of the town, and the remark "Don't touch my arm" is a common one in our streets.

The ladies of the Congregational society gave a reception on Friday evening to the families who have recently moved into the village.

On next Friday week the young people of the society will present the farce entitled "Dr. Baxter's Invention." A good cast of characters has been chosen and a laughable entertainment is expected.

OXFORD.

Mrs. Geo. Hazen's father, Mr. Obadiah Cook, died at his home in Harrison Feb. 1st, aged about 80 years.

The high school, was been discontinued for a short time on account of the illness of Mr. Hanscom, is again in session.

A delegation from the T. A. Roberts Post, G. A. R., attended the annual encampment in Bangor, Feb. 6 and 7.

Mrs. Faunce, widow of Seth Faunce, had a paralytic shock while at church on Sunday. She is more comfortable at the present writing, but at her advanced age it is doubtful if she recovers.

Married at Lewiston, Feb. 4, James Daniels of Worcester, Mass., and Agnes Vehne of Oxford.

NORWAY LAKE.

Mrs. Warren Whittier of Boston is visiting at Benj. Marston's.

Mr. Marston is not any better.

Early Monday morning Mrs. Helen Kilgore, wife of Emerson Kilgore, died very suddenly. Her health had not been very good for some time, but she had done her work up to the time of her death.

Henry Kilgore and wife of Boston came to attend the funeral of their mother.

Mr. Charles Wentzel has been quite sick with the grippe.

J. L. Partridge got out to the store on Thursday.

David Flood's sister, Mrs. George Cary of Portland, is visiting relatives at this place.

C. W. Partridge and wife are both better and get out some.

DENMARK.

Mrs. Walter Blake started Thursday morning, Feb. 8, for Southern California to visit her daughter.

Mrs. Chas. Whidden, who has been at the hospital at Augusta, died at that place Monday morning after a long and painful illness. Her remains reached here Tuesday noon, and funeral services were held Wednesday at the Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mr. Harry Harnden, son of Henry Harnden, has been quite sick with a very sore hand, and is now confined to the bed with rheumatism.

Mr. Frank Jewett expects to begin can-making in a few days.

Mrs. George W. Gray is spending a few days in Portland.

Mr. I. H. Berry and Geo. W. Gray will go to Paris Monday as jurymen.

ROXBURY.

The crows have made their appearance, a very early date. It may indicate an early spring.

Our roads are now good and every one having business to do is making the most of it.

Miss Anna Leach of Raymond visited friends in town this week.

Joseph Reed of Byron, with his horses, is drawing poplar with Fred Merrill.

Farmers have a good market for their hay. There are so many teams running on birch and poplar, the prices at the barn are about the same as the Lewiston farmers receive after drawing it into the city.

GRAFTON.

Two very cold mornings this week; Monday 28 below and Tuesday 30.

Thomas F. Bragg of Upton died the 7th. He has been in feeble health for a long time. He was one of the first settlers of the town of Upton.

George DeLong, at work in the woods for Coolidge, was taken lame in his ankle, and cannot walk. He is in no pain when he is quiet. He is a young man about 19 or 20 years old.

The sick ones are on the gain.

Mrs. J. E. Brooks is much better, although not able to sit up any yet.

Several crews are short of help. A few good new ones could find work at good pay.

STOW.

The young people are having a very exciting time going to parties and dances. A certain young man forgot to call and get his girl and left her at home waiting patiently for him to come.

Iva Charles is visiting her cousin, Ethel Guptill, and friends.

Georgia Walker had a birthday party the 7th, and gave her mates an invitation to tea and spend the evening. They had a very nice time.

Ethel Guptill has a party the 10th. She expects to have a good time.

Mrs. O. R. Barrows is with her daughter Alice, helping care for her little grandson who is quite sick.

Annie Keniston is quite well again.

WEST FRYEBURG.

Feb. 6. The coldest morning for the winter.

The men in this neighborhood turned out with their teams and got up quite a supply of wood, both dry and green, for a widow.

Bailey and Fred Hutchins sent their furs to market, and realized quite a little sum of money from them. I think the boys will open a bank account soon.

The Stirling Literary Club met with Mrs. L. Haley. The next meeting will be with Mrs. H. Jones, which will be a club tea.

The grange will hold an all day meeting Feb. 17. Dinner will be served at 12 o'clock prompt. Literary meeting in the afternoon. Mrs. H. Walker will read the paper. Send in your contributions.

EAST BROWNFIELD.

Quite a serious accident at L. A. Bradbury's mill on Monday. Geo. Hunt had his arm badly cut and crushed by a saw. It required some thirty or forty stitches and the attendance of all our physicians. He is getting on as well as can be expected.

Freeman Sanborn, teaching in Conway Center, has been at his brother's, G. M. Sanborn's, quite ill, and has had to close his school, leaving the term unfinished.

Addie Allard, our supervisor of schools, has been quite ill with the prevailing distemper.

Mrs. Clement Greeley is very low, with but slight prospect of recovery.

Avilda Fessenden has closed her school in Fryeburg and is at home.

WILSON'S MILLS.

A snow storm and a great deal of wind last Tuesday.

Dr. J. W. Davis and G. G. Dow have gone up the Magalloway among the camps.

A man was brought out from Ferguson's camp with a badly cut foot. Kelly carried him to Errol to take the stage for Berlin.

Cuvier Wilson who has been chopping for Elias Bennett is laid up with a cut foot.

Peddler Murphy is in town with his usual assortment of goods.

Ten men came out from York & Lary's camp Wednesday.

H. G. Bennett is done yarding and has moved out of the woods; has some two-sledding to do from home.

UPTON.

Frye Bragg is very low and no hopes are entertained of his recovery.

John Akers and wife of Errol spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. S. M. Abbott.

Etna E. Lane has returned to the woods.

Mrs. E. P. Morse has returned home from Norway.

The lumbermen in this section are all doing a good business this winter.

Two men who have been working for Ryerson have cut their feet badly.

DIXFIELD.

Rev. W. W. Hooper preached in the church Sunday, Feb. 4, to a large and attentive audience. He went to Rumford Falls in the afternoon.

W. G. Harlow has gone away to remain a short time. His sister Ione has charge of the store in his absence.

Lucy Reynolds, only daughter of Mr. E. G. Reynolds, has been quite sick but is much better at present.

The lady friends of Tuscan Lodge, I. O. O. F., gave a benefit ball in Odd Fellows' Hall Thursday evening. A good time was had by all who attended.

Some of our people went to Rumford Falls Wednesday evening of last week to attend an entertainment given in the new hall, under the auspices of the aid society of the Universalist parish at that place.

Frank Stanley's spool factory started up Thursday morning, having been shut down for some time.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the church in this village will give a "Blue Jay" supper at the residence of Mrs. J. P. Edmunds. Price of supper 15 cents for adults and 10 cents for children under 12 years of age. Rev. W. W. Hooper will be present at this time.

Rev. W. W. Hooper will preach in the church, Feb. 18, at the usual hour.

MASON.

Our farmers are busy securing their ice. The mill pond was alive with men and boys the first days of the week.

Addison Bean loaded a car of poplar last Monday.

F. I. Bean has been drawing wood from his Murphy lot.

George H. Brown walked down to the pond last Monday. Quite a trip for him in his feeble health.

D. E. Mills secured two foxes last week. Had to dig for them.

Mr. Richmond is drawing D. E. Mills' birch to West Bethel.

No meeting for the last two Sundays in town.

Herbert Whitman is not able to be out much. He is having a long, hard time of it. We are sorry for him.

EAST SUMNER.

The mercury fell to 26 degrees below zero on Tuesday morning, the 6th inst.

A few from Sumner and Hartford attended the farmers' institute at West Minot on Tuesday and much enjoyed the exercises and kind reception given them. Farmers generally would be greatly benefited by attending these institutes. It is hoped that one may be held later on somewhere along the line, perhaps at Canton.

We enjoyed very much a three days' visit in Portland recently, and found very agreeable quarters at the residence of Mr. William Hanson on Spring Street. Portland is a pleasant, hospitable place and we always take much pleasure in visiting it. It is a good place also to purchase at very reasonable rates any goods that may be required in the family. The "boys" that encamped there in war times are always ready to speak of the loyalty and kindness of the citizens. The streets along the street car lines are safe to travel on, and quite a contrast to Lewiston.

PERU.

Mrs. E. P. Gibbs is sick with the grippe. Dr. Sturtevant of Dixfield is attending her.

H. E. Stillman is improving in health.

A. B. Walker has gone to Boston.

The whooping cough is in the neighborhood.

EAST PERU.

Clinton Poland has moved Mr. Whittier, the painter, up to Rumford Falls.

E. M. Howard went to Minot on the 5th to the farmers' institute held at that place.

Tom Farrar is buying birch at his mill to saw into spool squares.

KEZAR FALLS.

Miss Maud Pendexter of Bridgton, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Alvin Cress of this place, died very suddenly January 6th, aged about 26 years.

Mrs. Abram Chapman died Feb. 2d.

Mr. Edwin Lord and wife, who have been visiting in Yarmouth, have returned home.

Schools in District No. 4 close this week.

Rev. Henry Patterson has returned from Portland where he has been visiting.

Mrs. Emily Caine, superintendent of the Good Templars' lodges in the state of Maine, was in this place Monday and Tuesday, and organized a Good Templars Lodge, called Pine Tree State Lodge. About 28 members joined Monday night.

NEWRY.

Two good eyes are two good things, one good eye even is not to be sneezed at. Your correspondent is impelled to make these remarks from the fact that he has not had as much as one good eye for the last month. Erysipelas or ivy poison or some other ailment unknown; whatever it is, it don't want to let go.

Orrin Foster has gone to Berlin, N. H., for a few days.

N. W. Frost is driving team for Mr. Foster hauling birch to the Corner.

C. A. Baker and J. S. Allen have quit yarding and are sawing and hauling their timber to the mill. O. E. Baker is at work for them.

Thursday, the 8th, our selectmen are to settle with the town treasurer. An early settlement is necessary as W. B. Wight, one of the board, is a grand juror.

The new school law after March 1st. Won't there be hustling for places on that committee who are to serve without pay?

FRYEBURG CENTRE.

Most of the sick ones are better. At one time it seemed that not one would escape the epidemic.

The oyster supper and social given by the ladies of the Harbor church Tuesday evening was financially and socially a great success.

Every citizen who takes an honest pride in the county should help the county to be proud of itself.

The amateur boxers contemplate organizing an athletic club at the Harbor in the near future.

The pupils of the Harbor district school will give an exhibition at the close of the term.

The Muscatine family have created a most favorable impression wherever they have appeared, and it is reported that they will storm the county at an early date.

The frame work of Dr. Pyrum's cottage is nearly completed.

The funeral of Mrs. Ira G. Smart, mother of M. M. Smart, took place Wednesday from the family residence; a very large concourse of friends being in attendance to show the last token of respect to the loved and honored woman who had passed the earthly line to the great beyond. The burial casket was covered with beautiful floral tributes, testifying the profound regard of the host of loving hearts she leaves behind. Divine services were held at the house by Rev. Mr. Young, who spoke in fitting terms of the beautiful character of the deceased lady, and selections of sacred music were given during the last mournful hour at the dear old home. Thus was the end of one who was loved and revered, not in her own home circle only, but by all who came within the influence of her noble and kindly character.

WEST BETHEL.

Francis Barker, who long lived at West Bethel, died last week at the residence of his son Charles at East Bethel. Mr. Barker was a native of Waterford, but spent the larger portion of his long life at West Bethel, where he was much esteemed by all who knew him, being an upright and honorable citizen and a kind friend and neighbor. He had several children, but only one survives him. His wife died a few years ago, since which he has lived with his son. The deceased was about 90 years old.

A sad accident occurred at this place a few days ago. A man came from Berlin to drive a team for A. S. Bean, but was thrown down on the sled by the sudden starting of the team and one arm was broken. He was taken to his home on the cars.

We learn that C. L. Abbott, Jr., is to store ice preparatory to becoming a patron of the Bethel butter factory.

Fertilizer agents are active.

Nathan and Oscar Grover have returned to Orono.

A. P. Mason is hauling timber to mill.

WEST PARIS.

Golden Rule Lodge elected officers Thursday evening, also delegates to the District Lodge to be held in Bethel the 14th.

The Masons are soon to play a drama. The proceeds are to be used in the purchase of a carpet for their hall.

Miss Inez Bradbury is very sick.

Mr. Arthur Tucker has moved into Geo. Farnum's house.

Chandler Garland and wife were in the place Friday.

Horatio Dunham, wife and daughter, from Waterville, have been spending a few days in town.

There has been a large attendance at the revival meetings which have been held in the chapel every afternoon and evening since last Tuesday under the direction of Evangelist Folger and Gospel-singer Jackson. The meetings are to be held during the coming week, afternoon at 2 o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to every one to come in and enjoy the services.

HIRAM.

Rev. R. Henry Davis of North Conway, N. H., recently visited the family of John B. Pike, Esq.

Mrs. Zilpah W. Spring of Portland on Thursday visited her venerable mother, Mrs. Zilpah W. Barker, who is now approaching her 95th birthday.

Mrs. Caleb Gilpatrick was buried in South Hiram on Thursday. Her disease was a lingering and painful one.

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua R. Ridlon have been quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Warren have returned to Gloucester, Mass.

Mrs. Amanda M. Morrill has gone to Deering.

Mrs. Freedom Wadsworth and two children are sick.

Miss Priscilla Adams has closed a pleasant and profitable term of school on Tear Cap.

A nine-shilling law suit was compromised this week. Rum did it.

A. Cole and wife of Somerville, Mass., are visiting Eli C. Gould.

Mr. Elias Gould is in poor health.

John B. Pike, Esq., is landing a large number of pine logs on Saco River.

Miss Ruth Clemons is in poor health.

Mrs. Elizabeth Plummer Hollis, born in Portland June 12, 1810, died in Hiram Feb. 6 of paralysis at the residence of Llewellyn A. Wadsworth, which has been her home some three and a half years. Her husband, Mr. Thomas J. Hollis of Boston, died thirty years ago. Mrs. Hollis had been a worthy member of a church in Portland sixty-three years. She possessed superior mental powers, and was an entertaining conversationalist, especially in reference to her early life in Maine, Vermont, and Massachusetts. We have listened with pleasure to her reminiscences of Senator Lodge, Professors Longfellow, Pierce and Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes whom she knew. Her final illness of fifteen months was borne with the calm, serene resignation that was a fixed habit of her life. Nothing ever ruffled her genial temper and gentle nature. She leaves a brother in Searsport, and two sisters in Massachusetts, and numerous other relatives and friends. With a fadeless faith in God, with her long and useful life fully rounded, she has gone peacefully and painlessly to the Christian's rest. Rev. A. P. Sanborn attended her funeral Friday at the home of her niece, Mrs. Eugene Wadsworth, and preached an impressive sermon from Rev. 14:13: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

NORTH PARIS.

Charles Stevens had a cow choke to death Feb. 2nd.

Mrs. Abbie Lowe has been very sick with neuralgia.

A. D. Andrews and wife attended the meeting of the Pomona Grange held at Bryant's Pond Feb. 6th. They report a large attendance, over three hundred and a good time.

A. D. Andrews, A. D. Littlehale and E. E. Field are drawing lumber for M. Littlehale.

Eugene Hammond has been very sick with the grippe.

America Mayhew is sick with the grippe.

Mr. Downs, the general agent for the State of Maine for Advent publications, was at George Washburn's Feb. 4th.

Wallace Adams is quite sick being threatened with pneumonia.

H. R. Dunham and wife of Waterville, has visited his brother H. W. Dunham lately.

Most of the sick ones here are on the gain. Three or four are still quite sick.

Charles Stevens moved his brother Dwight's goods to Paris last week. They will have to get up wood and ice for use on the farm bought of H. W. Dunham.

Rev. Seth Benson is expected back to his farm this spring.

J. F. Littlehale is getting his mill yard nearly full of lumber.

H. W. Dunham has been making repairs on his store rent and moves in this week.

Miss Robbins has engaged a short term of school in Greenwood.

E. H. Andrews has gone to the medical school at Brunswick.

H. W. Dunham sold twelve head of cattle last week to Mr. Wardwell.

BRYANT'S POND.

There was a large attendance at the Pomona Grange held here Tuesday. Nearly one hundred came on the cars.

C. G. Perham has returned home from Bridgton.

The selectmen have been in session the past week settling up the town affairs.

H. F. Houghton will take a three months' trip west this season, accompanied by his wife.

Mr. Albert L. Felt of Sharon is in town.

Rev. J. H. Littlefield intends to sell his property in this village and move to the West, where he will engage in missionary work.

RUMFORD.

Miss Susan Walker is quite sick with the prevailing epidemic. Orin Martin does the work at the barn while she is sick.

Dexter Elliott visited his brother at Norway last Friday, and spent Saturday in Portland.

John Estes has taken the job to keep the road open in Dist. No. 1.

Our little village has again been saddened by the death of one of our kindest of neighbors. Mrs. David Elliott after an illness of only two weeks quietly passed away Jan. 21st. She leaves an aged father, two brothers and a husband to mourn her loss.

We noticed our former pastor, Rev. M. K. Mabry, driving past our houses one day this week on his way to Bryant's Pond.

We were somewhat surprised on reading the Lewiston Journal last week, to see a notice telling us that we were to have a new postmaster. Mr. Stearns, who has had charge of the office for nearly two years, is to go into the gum business, and Otis Howe takes his place in the post office.

Mrs. Lydia Martin is very sick at her daughter's, Mrs. Henry Barker's, and Charlotte Butters is there helping to care for her.

We see W. W. Stevens driving early and late to and from his store at Rumford Centre.

Miss Susan Walker has been on the sick list, but is some better at this writing.

George Stearns is soon to commence a high school at Hanover. Wish we might have one here instead of having everything out of town.

Several of our young people attended a dance at Hanover last week and all report a fine time. BETSY BOBBITT.

LOVELL.

There will be a supper at the town hall on Wednesday evening of this week, the proceeds to be devoted to the repairs on the house.

The Grand Army post will have a sociable at the town hall the evening of the 22nd instant.

The Congregational Circle of the Centre was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stearns on Wednesday evening. The officers of the new year were chosen as follows:

President, Mrs. J. H. Stearns.
Vice President, Mrs. J. N. Farrington.
Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Chapman.
Treasurer, Mrs. S. L. Hatch.

BETHEL.

The Ladies' Club gave a social at the Congregational Chapel, Thursday evening. The Early and Often Club furnished the following entertainment:

Italian Chorus,	Club.
Recitation, "George Washington,"	Miss Merriman.
Tableau, "Japanese Tea Party,"	Misses Moulton, Jones and True.
Talk, "Odd People,"	J. D. Merriman.
The Family Drum Corps,	Club.
Recitation, "The Organ Builder,"	Emma Chandler.
Humorous Poem,	Mr. Jordan.
Tableau, "Spanish Girl,"	Fraulein Heinzel.
Italian Peasants' Song,	Club.

After this ice cream, cake, chocolate and coffee was served. The new curtain and stage worked to perfection and was a great improvement over the previous arrangement.

The scholars are busy training for the athletic exhibition to be given here Tuesday evening of this week. New features have been introduced so that the performance cannot fail to be attractive. Friday evening the same will be repeated at Berlin, N. H., so that those wishing to go with the company can get half fare on the G. T. R. and return on a special the same night.

Large amounts of logs and birch are being hauled into this place. The chair factory and I. S. Morrills mill take the whole. Cord wood is also plenty and sells from $2.50 to $3.00.

Last Tuesday morning was the coldest thus far. The thermometer registered 20 to 24 degrees below zero at half past six.

W. Williamson's horse hitched to the piazza post at Woodbury & Purington's store took fright and started on a run up Main Street with the post. He was caught by Tom Hastings before any damage was done to the team.

The ladies' circle of Middle Intervale will hold an antiquarian entertainment at Hiram H. Bean's residence on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22. Dinner will be served at 12 o'clock and a concert and other exercises in the afternoon. All are cordially invited to come and enjoy a great feast of ye olden times.

BUCKFIELD.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Atwood of Paris were in town the 4th inst.

Benjamin Spaulding, Jr., left last week for a course at Shaw's Commercial College, Portland.

Quite a delegation from the village attended the Crystal Wave entertainment at East Buckfield.

John Addison Shaw, a native of Buckfield, returned from Minnesota recently after an absence of about a quarter of a century.

Mrs. J. C. Fuller of Canton was the guest of Mrs. Alfred Cole Wednesday.

Mrs. J. H. DeCoster and daughter, Mrs. Gammon of Mechanic Falls, visited Mrs. Decoster's father, Mr. Isaac Shaw, who is quite ill at the residence of his son, Mr. I. W. Shaw.

I. W. Shaw has bargained his dwelling to Benj. E. Gerrish. Mr. Shaw has purchased the Jewett stand, now known as the Maple House, of Mr. Geo. R. Coyle, and will make extensive changes, and occupy as a private residence after the spring opens.

The proclamation of a jewelers' war is out. Placarded at one of the shops is the announcement, "Watches cleaned for 50 cents; main springs put in for 50 cents!" Almost equal to the drop in railroad stock.

Mrs. W. H. Tilton, son and sister, of Floral Park, N. Y., visited their brother, Mr. Henry Nulty, last week.

William Cushman and wife of Hartford, while riding on High Street Thursday, barely escaped a serious accident on the railroad. As his sleigh struck the crossing the top was thrown off and backwards, precipitating Mrs. Cushman on the track in an unconscious condition. The train was just steaming around the curve above, and those who ran to the rescue had barely time to remove her from the track before the train dashed by. Mrs. Cushman remained in a dazed condition a considerable length of time, but was able to ride home.

BROWNFIELD.

George W. Hunt met with a very severe accident Wednesday afternoon while working in L. A. Bradbury's mill at East Brownfield. He stepped around the saw to pick up a piece of plank; as he turned around his right arm came in contact with the saw cutting and tearing his arm from near the wrist to the shoulder. Drs. Gatchell and Fitch of Brownfield, and Chellis of Porter were soon in attendance. They removed several pieces of bone and closed the cuts with between 40 and 50 stitches. The doctors think the arm possibly may be saved.

Mr. John Sands is dangerously sick.

Mr. Ezra Rounds, an old citizen of Brownfield, died very suddenly Tuesday of this week.

The village schools closed Thursday.

Mr. Hammond of Paris was in the village Thursday.

One can scarcely recall the date when so much sickness was in town as at this time. The doctors here have all they can attend to night and day.

Since the death of Maj. S. B. Bean last week, another member of his company and regiment, the 11th Maine, has joined his company on the other side.

Mr. Ezra Rounds, who died yesterday at the advanced age of nearly 76 years, makes our number here one less. Comrade Rounds was a member of Grover Post, G. A. R., at Fryeburg, and had lived in Brownfield from early boyhood, having his birthplace in Gorham, Maine.

Mr. Thomas Seavey is quite sick.

Mr. John Sands and Mrs. Rebecca Seavey, of this village, the latter quite an aged lady of 84 years, are on the sick list.

Our village schools closed this week for the old year as managed under the old district law.

J. W. Hubbard has just returned from a trip to Boston where he has been in the interest of his store trade.

Mr. A. O. Morton, the teacher of our village high school for the past year, is to go to Massachusetts the coming season to engage in business there.

One more grocery store opened here by Mr. Adams, our newly appointed postmaster. The small amount of room for a post office, crowded by a grocery store, will afford snug quarters for one or both.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mansfield of Hiram, have been in town most of this week, the guests of J. W. Hubbard's family.

Mr. Alexander Hartford has just returned from a trip to York and Cumberland Counties, soliciting orders for picture frames, and copying photographs. He first gets the orders and then manufactures his frames in his shop here. One giving him an order will be sure of having good jobs just as he promises them.

GILEAD.

The Mountain Hills, a mission band connected with the church, met with Mrs. Ladd Saturday afternoon. Officers were elected for the next quarter, and other business dispatched, after which bountiful refreshments were served by the hostess.

The ladies connected with the Mountain Hills and Christian Endeavor Society have just finished and forwarded to Rev. J. Lester Wells, Jersey City, twenty-one "comfort bags" for the surfmen in the life saving stations in response to his call in the Golden Rule of Nov. 2nd for two thousand.

There will be a St. Valentine's social at the hall Tuesday evening Feb. 13th. Music, recitations, a post office where valentines can be mailed and delivered on receipt of postage, will be some of the features of the evening. Refreshments consisting of hot coffee and all "sorts and conditions" of pies will be on sale. All are cordially invited. Proceeds for the benefit of the church.

SWEDEN.

Congrat

W. J. WHEELER,

South Paris.

Pianos and Organs, Piano Stools, Covers

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is only a pleasant sounding name for a disease fighter. The ingredients not mentioned accomplish all the good results. Hence we stick to the old name **L. F. Atwood's Medicine** for our blood purifier and it does the good work just the same. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating."

35 cents a bottle everywhere.

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ELIXIR

Has stood the test for *fifty-eight years* and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, and all Lung Diseases

in young or old.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price, 25c., 50c., $1.00 per bottle.

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FREE TRIALS

convince the skeptic and point the way which if followed leads to

VIGOROUS HEALTH FOR MEN

Prof. HARRIS' SOLUBLE MEDICATED Pastille

Has been put up in a proprietary form since 1876, and has been used for years prior to that time in private practice. It is no entered nostrum, of doubtful reputation, but a genuine specific for a very prevalent disease. Thousands of men, of all ages, have at some time in life brought on nervous debility and exhaustion, with organic weakness, by over brain work, excesses, too frequent indulgence or indiscretion and vicious habits, and it is to those that we offer a remedy that will, by its direct action upon the seat of the disease, stop the drain and restore the patient to vigorous health and strength.

Our method of introducing **Prof. HARRIS' SOLUBLE MEDICATED PASTILLE** is one which commends itself to all sensible persons—for the reason that we supply it upon their judgment of its value. Nothing in the way of expense beyond a postal card and a two cent postage stamp is asked. The postal card for use in sending us their full address and the postage stamp for the letter returning the statement of their case for which we supply them with question blank, to be filled out, and a self-addressed envelope for use in returning it when filled.

Free TRIAL When we receive the statement on blank we prepare eight days treatment and forward it by mail and prepay postage thereon—and along with the eight days' treatment we send full directions for using. The treatment causes no pain or inconvenience and does not prevent attention to business.

We leave the matter of sending orders entirely with those using the free trial treatment. Having satisfied those sending for trial packages of our ability to benefit them we feel that they are more largely interested than ourselves in continuing the use of the Pastilles. We make the prices as low as possible, and the same to all. They are as follows: $3.00 for one month; $5.00 for two months; $7.00 for three months.

These prices secure the delivery of the Pastilles by mail. If desired by express we leave the point to pay the charges. For over ten years we have operated our business upon this plan with satisfactory results.

We ask all persons needing treatment to send us their address on postal card or by letter.

All communications confidential and should be addressed to

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WILL CURE ALL RHEUMATIC TROUBLES.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Easy to Take

and keep the system in Perfect Order.

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CATHARTIC PILLS

A specific for Headache Constipation, and Dyspepsia. Every dose

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Ready made clothing for all ages and sizes. A large and complete stock of

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Yours truly,

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For Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth, use

Dr. Shempp's Rose Cream

None genuine unless bearing my signature,

N. Shempp.

The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Sole Agents, Waterville, Me., U.S.A.

For sale by all druggists, price, 25c.

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THE SENSE

—of seeing is undoubtedly the most important one that man is endowed with. If you have trouble with your eyes be sure to go to a reliable refractionist. In most cases PROPER GLASSES solve the difficulty. Our facilities for accurately testing the eyes are THE BEST.

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Call and get our prices and see our goods before purchasing elsewhere.

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A superb mammoth lithograph in 12 colors by the distinguished artist, Maud Humphrey. It is 7 feet long and 4½ inches wide and will be sent free if you tell your friends. It is called "Love Victrious," and shows a beautiful, dimpled darling clad in a warm, rich, fur-lined cloak, basket and umbrella in hand; she pulls the snow covered latch, while her golden hair shimmers in the sunshine, her cheeks blush with health and vigor and her roguish eyes sparkle merrily. **Sure to delight you.** A copy will be sent free, postpaid, if you promise to tell your friends and send 15 cents in stamps or silver for a three months' trial subscription to

THE WHEEL FAMILY,

an illustrated monthly magazine with stories, anecdotes, fashions and all articles of interest by best authors and cash question contests monthly. SUNDIAL PUB. CO., 196 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Geo. A. Wilson, Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of January, A. D. 1904, commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of Elmer H. Marble, late of Paris in said County, deceased, which estate is represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the date of said appointment are allowed to said creditors in which to present and prove their claims, and that they will be in session at the following place and times for the purpose of receiving and examining the same, viz.: at the Office of the Clerk of Courts in Paris in said County, on Tuesday the twentieth day of March, and on Tuesday the nineteenth day of June, A. D. 1904.

Dated this 23rd day of January, A. D. 1904.

ALBERT S. AUSTIN, } Commissioners.
JOHN F. STANLEY, }

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WANTED.

In the original pamphlets, the pupic laws of Maine for 1820 and 1821, private laws for 1827 and the resolves of 1821. Will buy or exchange any of which I have duplicates with parties filling a set. Adress P. O. Box 1626, Portland, Maine.

THE WAVER

No. 412.—Riddle-Me-Ree.

My first is in claret, but not in wine;
My second is in railing, and also in line.
My third is in needle, but not in pin.
My fourth is in minnow, but not in fin.
My fifth is in ale, but not in beer.
My sixth is in table, but not in chair.
My seventh is in iron, but not in steel.
My eighth is in salmon, but not in eel.
My whole is a handsome, popular flower,
Which often grows o'er a shady bower.

No. 413.—Pictured Word.

No. 414.—Numerical Enigma.

My whole, a word of 11 letters, is "being at ease."

My 3, 8, 9, 11, 10 is a girl's name.
My 1, 8, 7 is a domestic animal.
My 7, 8, 6 is a name for a sailor.
My 9, 8, 7 is a plaything.
My 4, 2, 5, 7 is a part of the body.
My 10, 8, 3, 11 is crippled.
My, 3, 8, 7, 11 is a companion.

No. 415.—Central Acrostic.

All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of a popular American novelist of early date.

Crosswords: 1. Greater in number, quantity or extent. 2. Easily broken. 3. A punctuation mark. 4. Cheerless. 5. Covered with fine particles. 6. Having great height. 7. A fresh water fish. 8. A law or rule. 9. To crush into small fragments. 10. A masculine name. 11. Honorable fame. 12. Ghastly pale. 13. Having a low price in market. 14. A beverage. 15. Extending far and wide. 16. A proportional part or share. 17. A military station where stores and provisions are kept. 18. A whim or fancy. 19. Perforates.

No. 416.—Proverb Puzzles.

1. A hopeful proverb may be made from the letters which are contained in the following words:

Severn. Repaid.

2. A very well known proverb may be formed from the letters which are contained in the following words:

Glove. Mole.
My. Dove.

No. 417.—Word Building.

I—1. A letter. 2. An article. 3. Hurried. 4. An East Indian plant. 5. To filter. 6. Provoking. 7. Moving swiftly. 8. Trampling. 9. Impeding.

II—1. A letter. 2. A preposition. 3. To clear of seeds by a machine. 4. Accumulation. 5. Texture. 6. Classing. 7. Boasting. 8. Traveling on foot. 9. A kind of grouse which chiefly inhabits the northern countries of Europe, Asia and America.

No. 418.—Rhomboids.

Across—1. Untrue. 2. Spruce. 3. Part of a flower. 4. Even threads of metal. 5. A boy's name.

Down—1. A letter. 2. An article. 3. To lay over. 4. To boil slowly. 5. A girl's name. 6. A measure of length. 7. Gone before. 8. A note in music. 9. A letter.

Across—1. An iron pipe used in forges. 2. A first appearance. 3. The base of boracic acid. 4. A chemical salt. 5. To prevent.

Down—1. A letter. 2. A boy's name. 3. A film. 4. Black. 5. Gloomy. 6. To carry. 7. A snare. 8. A musical note. 9. A letter.

No. 419.—Diamonds.

1. A consonant. 2. To transport. 3. Swift. 4. A sharp pointed instrument. 5. A consonant.

1. A letter. 2. A little boat. 3. To sink by bending the knee. 4. A species of primrose. 5. Extremely cold. 6. To drive away. 7. A letter.

No. 420.—Arithmetical Puzzles.

1. If 60 gallons of water in an hour's time fall into a cistern containing 200 gallons, and by a pipe in the same cistern there run out 45 gallons per hour, in how many hours will it be filled?

2. There are two numbers whose sum will be 37 and their difference three. Find the numbers.

No. 421.—Animals, Fish and Birds.

1. A thin cloth.
2. A worthless person.
3. A liquid, and a term of endearment.
4. A coin.
5. To fuse ore.
6. Before dawn, a place of rest and a heavy wind.
7. To perforate.
8. One who gathers, and a letter.
9. An engine for destroying ships.
10. A heavy cloth.
11. To stretch.
12. Part of a chicken, a letter and a river in Scotland.
13. A papal edict, and part of a cask.

Nature's Ways.

The potato slyly winks its eye.
The cornstalk pricks up its ears.
The cabbage nods its head.
The beet gets red in the face.
The squash crooks its neck.
The onion grows stronger.
The fruit tree groans under its load.
The wheatfield is shocked.
The rye strokes its beard.
The forest trees get their trunks ready so as to leave next spring.
The beanpods are rattled.
The cucumbers are in a pickle.
The river gently murmurs, "I'll be dammed."

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 404.—Transposition and Acrostic: Breslau—1. Bombay. 2. Rhone. 3. Esther. 4. Silesia. 5. Loire. 6. Alexander. 7. Ural. No. 405.—Connected Diamonds: I—1. R. 2. Put. 3. Ruler. 4. Ten. 5. R. II—1. R. 2. Cap. 3. Ravel. 4. Pea. 5. D. III—1. R. 2. Ram. 3. Raged. 4. Met. 5. D. IV—1. D. 2. Era. 3. Dress. 4. Ass. 5. S.

No. 406.—Puzzles in Figures: 1. Tom, 13 yards 2 feet 9 inches. Fred, 9 yards 5 inches. 2. A, 17. B, 34. C, 39.

No. 407.—Illustrated Rebus: Sense is worth a realm (cents-eye-sw-earth-air-elm).

No. 408.—Anagram: Undeterrined.

No. 409.—Bi-headed Words: 1. S-t-ale. 2. C-l-over. 3. G-r-ape. 4. G-l-ass.

No. 410.—Single Acrostic: Electricity—1. England. 2. Linnet. 3. Earl. 4. Cat. 5. Table. 6. Ramilies. 7. Iron. 8. Cannon. 9. Ink. 10. Turkey. 11. Year.

No. 411.—Buried Trees and Plants: 1. Wheat. 2. Clover. 3. Oats. 4. Upas. 5. Willow. 6. Elm.

How often we hear middle-aged people say regarding that reliable old cough remedy, N. H. Downs' Elixir: "Why, my mother gave it to me when I was a child, and I use it in my family; it always cures." It is always guaranteed to cure or money refunded.

"Marvelous memory that man Wiley has!" Yes, indeed. He can remember anything he wants to, no matter if it never happened."

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy. All the elements that nature requires, to make the hair abundant and beautiful, are supplied by this admirable preparation.

"Named your baby Dorothy, as you intended, Jimpson?" "Nope." "Why not?" "James seemed more suitable."

Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers is a popular preparation in one bottle, and colors evenly a brown or black. Any person can easily apply it at home.

"Ps, are all politicians thieves?" asked young Fenderson. "No, my dear, some of them never succeed in stealing anything."

EVERYBODY LIKES

to be called handsome, especially the young ladies. But that is simply impossible as long as their faces are covered with pimples, blotches and sores. But wait, there is no need of this; one or two bottles of Sulphur Bitters will remove all such disfigurations, and make your face fair and rosy.—Fannie Bell, Editress.

HOME MAKERS' COLUMN.

Correspondence on topics of interest to the ladies is solicited. Address: Editor HOMEMAKERS' COLUMN, Oxford Democrat, Paris, Maine.

THE CARE OF BLANKETS.

But few housekeepers know how to take proper care of their blankets. To have a woman in once in six months or once a year; to get every blanket in the house washed; to return them to the beds hard, shrunken, discolored coverings with half the good taken out of them, that is the usual way.

Don't wash your blankets. Air them frequently. When a guest leaves the guest chamber, and before the next arrives, let the blankets hang in sun and air for at least twenty-four hours. While Tommy and Johnny are at the fair, see that the micro-organisms collected in Tommy and Johnny's bed are scattered to the four winds of heaven. Then when the time comes that the blankets begin to show the symptoms of wanting a wash, send them to be cleaned. Once a year or even less, will be sufficient for this. It will not cost more than soap and fire; to say nothing of the gossip, temper, and general derangement which Mrs. Flinn would bring into your household. In a large hospital, celebrated for its management, the five-year-old blankets were placed beside the new ones, and the writer was unable to tell the difference; and remember the wear and tear of hospitals is very many times that of a private house. Among some tidy housekeepers a habit prevails of carefully folding the coverlet each night and leaving the blankets exposed to the air. This is decidedly wrong. The surface of the coverlet is generally composed of some closely-woven, shiny material, which will not prove a convenient resting place for dust. A blanket is exactly the opposite, and should therefore be well protected by being snugly tucked in between sheet and coverlet, well out of sight—a blessing in disguise by night and day.—Good Housekeeping.

COVERING JAM.

Few of the rising generation remember the world before the "gem jar," but the middle-aged remember with sorrow the many golden summer hours of their youth spent in holding down the refractory paper while an elder member of the family wasted strength and energy on getting the string round the top in the tightest manner possible. First on the list came the white paper, all neatly notched round, dipped in brandy. Sometimes for scientific reasons unknown to the writer, a few grains of granulated sugar were sprinkled on this. Then came the outer covering of thick brown paper, likewise notched, and then the string, which often broke at the trying moment of the final tug.

The white pound pot is still on many a storeroom shelf. It is well to make use of it. Buy a package of very best toilet paper. Cut two rounds for each of your pots, each round large enough to overlap an inch. Have ready a saucer of milk, which, by the way, had better be boiled first to destroy all micro-organisms. Dip the paper in the milk one round at a time, for if left soaking in the milk it will become too pulpy. Cover each pot with a sheet and in about five minutes when that has slightly dried, put on a second. These will form a sort of parchment, and your jam will keep excellently. The writer speaks from the experience of years.—Good Housekeeping.

INTERESTING HOUSEHOLD NOTINGS.

A new style of teapot is constructed higher in front than in the back, and the lid is set on the reverse way from hitherto. In the interior is a grating with very small holes, extending the length of the pot from top to bottom. The result is that the tea in pouring will not overflow, neither will the leaves work through into the spout.

Florida housewives have found a new use for oranges. They scrub the floors with them. In almost any town in the orange growing districts women may be seen using the lucious fruit exactly as our housewives use soap. They cut the oranges in half and rub the flat exposed pulp upon the floor. The acid in the orange doubtless does the cleansing, but at any rate the boards are as white as snow after the application.

Fruit and tea stands are among the latest novelties shown, and are so evidently convenient that they will no doubt rapidly acquire the favor they deserve. They are of silver, some sterling, some plated, and are designed as adjuncts to the popular tea table. There is a handle in the center, a wire holder at each end in which to stand a cup and saucer or a plate, and at each side, so to speak, are a tiny cream pitcher and sugar bowl. The entire equipment is small and can find a place upon the tables of least size, and it provides for passing the refection without that fear of disaster which the tray entails.—Household Furnishing Review.

DESSERTS OF NUTS.

The "foam of chestnuts," hazelnuts or of any nut makes a dainty dessert. For this purpose the nut must be shelled and blanched, boiled till thoroughly soft in water, then drained and washed and rubbed through a fine puree sieve. About a cupful of the flaked chestnut meats will be sufficient to use with a pint of cream. Whip the cream to a stiff froth, sweeten it with powdered sugar, using about three heaping tablespoonfuls, adding the flaked chestnuts, sprinkling them in by degrees. You may use a tablespoonful of Maraschino to flavor this dessert, or a little orange flavor if you prefer it to the liquor. Let the dessert be thoroughly chilled before it is served. Sometimes a half-cupful of grated chocolate, sweetened and flavored, is added to the foam. The clear pulp of the boiled chestnuts is sometimes passed through the puree sieve, slightly salted and served in a mound, surrounded by whipped cream and garnished with quarters of glace oranges.—New York Tribune.

HOW TO USE STALE BREAD.

Housekeepers who have too much principle to throw away stale bread and who cannot bring their families to relish bread pudding will find they can put their loaves to practical use by making what an experienced mother calls "bread omelet." Cut the bread in very thin slices—and there is nothing that one can slice so thin as stale bread—and dip the slices in beaten eggs. Fry in butter. A most substantial, economical and satisfactory dish for breakfast.—Good Housekeeping.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

Mending gloves with cotton, instead of silk.

Oiling creaking shoes at the sides of the soles.

Grated potato rubbed on grease on a carpet.

Gasoline for removing paint.

Freshly cut grass sprinkled over a carpet while sweeping.

Cleaning old paint, before repainting, with two ounces of soda, dissolved in one quart of hot water, and applied warm, washing off, afterward, all trace of soda.

Cleaning gilt frames with one gill of good vinegar in one pint of cold water, dipping a soft brush and brushing lightly up and down the gilding, a little at a time, and brushing, at last, with the brush squeezed dry.

DON'TS FOR THE CHILDEEN.

Don't encourage in a small child that for which you will punish him when older.

Don't trample mercilessly under foot the wishes of a child, but respect them as far as possible.

Don't punish children in anger, but let them know that you dislike the task, but perform it for their good.

Don't talk of a child's peculiarities before it; never let it hear its beauty or ugliness spoken of. The greatest charm of childhood is its forgetfulness of itself.

Don't feel it beneath your dignity to give a child the reason for a refusal, if practicable so to do; if it is not, your former conduct should have inspired such confidence toward you that he will cheerfully submit though he does not understand your motive.

The man who agrees with you in everything expects to be paid in one way or another.

SILENT FOG SIGNALS.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON NOW BEING INVESTIGATED BY THE LIGHTHOUSE BOARD.

There is a phenomenon hitherto unexplained, which the government lighthouse board is most anxious to elucidate. It relates to the sound-carrying power of fog signals, the efficacy of which is obviously of the utmost importance for the preservation of lives and ships along the coast. The most powerful kind of signal is the steam siren which has a metal trumpet for a mouth and a boiler like a locomotive for lungs, the place of vocal chords being supplied by a revolving toothed wheel, which interrupts the passage of a jet of steam through the throat of the apparatus, thus producing the frightful shriek that rises from note to note of the scale as the wheel goes faster.

It is the most penetrating sound known and can be heard in calm weather at a distance of forty miles. Nevertheless while audible at that distance, it is sometimes inaudible only three or four miles away. At the same moment of time it may be heard distinctly at ten miles, inaudible again at fifteen miles, and once more audible at twenty-five miles. The phenomenon has been familiar to observers for many years. Prof. Henry during his lifetime tried to investigate it and reached the conclusion that it was due to a refraction of sound waves caused by the wind. One odd thing about it is that the bellowing of the instrument can occasionally be heard from the masthead of a vessel at the same time that it is wholly inaudible from the deck.

Prof. Henry's theory was not correct. If it were right the phenomenon would vary with the winds. Sometimes the sound would be audible at a given distance from the fog signal, and at other times not, according as the breezes happened to blow. But such is not the case. The areas of audibility and inaudibility remain the same constantly. The puzzle is no nearer to solution than when it first excited attention.

Mr. B. F. Johnson, secretary of the lighthouse board, has already devoted a good deal of study to this subject. He is determined to get at the bottom of it. With that end in view he has left Washington in company with Prof. Hazen of the weather bureau, their destination being Little Gull Island, off the coast of Rhode Island. They have taken with them a balloon, in which they propose to make a series of ascensions within the range of the fog signal in that locality.

Thus far the belts of audibility and inaudibility have only been explored and mapped out horizontally—that is to say on the surface of the water. Prof. Hazen and Mr. Johnson propose to survey them vertically.

The height of the "cone" of sound, as well as its length and breadth, having in this wise been determined, it will be possible to make a section diagram of it, or several. Thus a step will be taken toward discovering the philosophy of the phenomenon.

The importance of this matter is readily understood. In time of fog the mariner depends on the fog signal as he does on a lighthouse in clear weather. If he happens to get into a belt of inaudibility near to a dangerous coast, he is lulled into a false sense of security, or depending on the siren for his bearings, he does not know where he is. Under such conditions the usefulness of the signal is most fatally impaired.

The balloon to be used by Prof. Hazen and Mr. Johnson in the experiments referred to is the same that was employed by Prof. Hazen. It was inflated with hydrogen, holding 9,000 cubic feet of the gas. Its lifting capacity was sufficient to lift the two observers and sixty pounds of ballast. They desired to ascertain the condition of the atmosphere, preliminary to some rain making trials. A level of 9,400 feet above the earth was attained. Probably no balloon of so small a size ever made so high a voyage with such a load.

Prof. Hazen says: "I am perfectly satisfied that the balloon is to be the salvation of meteorology in the near future. It will emancipate us from the thraldom of theory and speculation which has been so serious a drawback in the past."

JUSTICE GRAY AND THE JURY.

Judge Gray has always had an especial dislike for men who try to shirk jury service on flimsy excuses, and a number of good stories are told of experiences that venire men have had with him, says the Chicago Herald. A little German once tried to get out of the jury service on the plea that he could not speak good English.

"You'll not have to speak any at all," said the judge.

"Well, sludge, I don't tink I made a good shuror anyhow," persisted the juror.

"Why not?"

"Well," with a motion toward the attorneys in the case, "I don't understand noddings what dose fellers say."

"Neither does any one else. "Sit down!" thundered the judge.

Another juror put in a sick excuse.

"Have you anything from your doctor to that effect?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir," was the ready reply, and the doctor's certificate was handed up to him.

"That's a good doctor," said the judge.

"One of the best in the city," replied the juror.

"A very good doctor," went on the judge, not noticing what the juror had said. "He'll have you cured by the next term of court beyond question. Report to me then without further summons."

The indifference to the sufferings of fellow beings which made a Nero possible can never be fully believed until you encounter the man who carries a smouldering cigar into a crowded public vehicle.

One good way of getting out of a scrape is to let your beard grow.

Every mother should have Arnica & Oil Liniment in the house in case of accident from burns, scalds and bruises.

A girl may almost be pardoned for throwing herself at a man if he is a good catch.

Costiveness can be permanently cured by the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.

As a regiment, headed by its band, marched by, a little boy remarked: "I say, ma, what is the use of all those soldiers who don't play?"

A DRUGGIST SAYS.

Marvin C. Brown, Druggist, Meredith Village, N. H., says: I have sold your Sulphur Bitters for years, and, contrary to most medicines, I never sold a bottle to any one who said it did not help them. They cured me of those terrible sick headaches when every other remedy failed.

Eastern man (in the Rockies)—"This is a good healthy place, isn't it?" Western man—"Ya-as, it's healthy enough, if you don't put on too many airs."

With pure, vigorous blood coursing through the veins and animating every fibre of the body, cold weather is not only endurable but pleasant and agreeable. No other blood medicine is so certain in its results as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. What it does for others it will do for you.

"Did he spend lots of money on her music?" "Oh, yes; he must have, for she doesn't play anything that sounds the least bit like a tune."

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or astringents, because they are irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who for years had borne all worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm. Your druggist has it.

THEY DEFY IMITATION.

Invention Can Supply No Substitutes For Whalebone of Teazel.

With all our boasted labor saving machinery and modern inventions there are numerous articles entering into the economy of manufacture which seem crude and simple, but which defy improvement.

No one, for instance, has ever been able to find a substitute for whalebone. With the diminution of the supply and the enormously increased cost of the article, scores of inventors have turned their attention to the article and attempted to supply a substitute, but up to the present time nothing as durable, tough and pliable as whalebone has resulted.

Another article without which no woolen manufacturer could prepare certain goods for the market is the teazel. It is absolutely essential in raising a nap on cassimeres and soft woolen fabrics, and although scores of imitation teazles have been invented none is found to give the satisfaction of the odd little burr, with its stiff little hooks, which is so extensively exported and cultivated for the cloth finishing trade.

Persons who have never seen a teazel can imagine a fur cone, set all over with little barbs. It is really a burr, or flower head, or thistle top of the plant dipsacus, and so identified is it with cloth dressing, and so long and so general has been the use of the teazel for the purpose mentioned, that it is even reflected in its botanical name, Dipsacus fullonum, or "fuller's teazel."

However familiar the teazel may be to persons familiar with woolen manufacture, or to those who live in countries where it is extensively cultivated, the fact remains that the great majority of persons have never heard of such an article and will be astonished to learn in what enormous quantities they are raised.

In France alone 6,000 acres of land are exclusively devoted to the cultivation of the teazel. French manufacturers use annually nearly $2,000,000 worth of the prickly heads and export during the same period upward of 60,000 tons, valued at $2,500,00. When it is considered that a teazel weighs not more than an ordinary burdock, the vast quantity exported can be realized in part.

In addition to the French crop, which is the most highly esteemed, teazels are produced in enormous quantities in Austria, England, Belgium, Poland and the Crimea. Until recently they did not grow satisfactorily in the United States, but now they are quite extensively grown in Oneida county, in this state, and possibly elsewhere, and it is said return a fair profit to the cultivator for the outlay of money.

The prickles of the teazel have a small knob at the end, and this mounted on an elastic stem, and set with great precision on the central spindle, which, revolving, claws the surface of the cloth, raises a nap which mechanical contrivances have always failed in equaling.—New York Herald.

Eccentricity In Literary Taste.

Curious whims are occasionally shown by readers at the Public library. There was a woman who regularly every Friday came for a volume of sermons. She did not mind whose sermons, nor what the subject, so long as they were religious discourses of some sort. Monday she would come back, return the sermons and take out a novel to unbend her mind until the next Friday, when the sermons would again be in demand. There was another woman who would never read anything but a religious novel, as she called it, not such a one as "Ben-Hur" or one with a particular religious tenet to inculcate, but a book with a clergyman as its chief character.

Swinburne's "Heavenly Arcana" was read daily for years by an eccentric old gentleman. He would draw the book, keep it two weeks, return it with his place marked and call early the next morning to take it out again. He never took any other book from the library, and finally died, leaving his place marked as usual. There is one old man who will never read a book written by a woman. He reads good books continually, but will have nothing to do with a volume bearing a woman's name as its author.—Boston Herald.

The Screaming Habit.

No two persons hear exactly alike. The human internal ear is best described by likening it to a grand piano. That instrument has a key for every note; the human ear has a nerve filament for every tone and its variations. Did I say for every tone? That is a mistake. Some pianos have seven octaves, some have eight; some have better tone in one portion of the keyboard than in another. Exactly so with the human ear. Some persons hear acutely; they catch sounds that to others are but silence. Some tones strike the ear drum, but are not conveyed to the brain because their corresponding nerve filament is missing. We know of defective hearing, but we do not apply our knowledge to our reasoning when we are stating our opinions or impressions. To some a high note is a positive pain, and to such ears a soaring soprano will do nothing but shriek. Others will detest the lower tones. Animals are moved out of their wonted calm by the sound of certain notes.

It should be our endeavor to cultivate tones of softness and sweetness. A low tone is the voice of comfort and consolation, of deepest, most sacred emotion. Our society women should do all they can to counteract the screaming habit of Americans.—Di Vernon in San Francisco News-Letter.

The Curious Man.

The curious man is a queer individual. He it is who looks into guns that are not loaded and not only finds a load, but has it inserted in his head. He also looks down elevator shafts, and the elevator approaches him from above while he is looking. He wants to know the why and wherefore of everything.

Such a man became involved in a brisk poker game once in a western mining town. Curious men are not good poker players, as they always want to see another man's hand. This particular curious man was an exception to the rule. He spent much money in the pursuit of knowledge in the game in question, and then he grew curious as to the origin of the phenomenal hands held by a swarthy party the fingers and thumb of whose right hand had been removed, leaving him only a stump. But he had a very clever left, and with this he shuffled and incidentally left aces and kings all over his person. At last the curious man caught him at it and boldly accused him of cheating. With a vicious oath the fellow kicked back his chair and reached toward his hip pocket with his right hand stump.

"Hold on, there," cried the curious man, always anxious for more knowledge. "How are you going to pull the trigger?"—Chicago Post.

The Advantage of Light Heads.

"I come of a very old family," boasted Batkins as the party sat around the fire at the club lying about their ancestors.

"I suppose they were in the ark with Noah," sneered Smith, who affects to despise those who claim a long line of ancestors.

"They didn't have to get into the ark," interrupted Bimpson, who dislikes Batkins; "the family is so light headed they floated like corks."

Then Smith touched the button, and by his presence of mind prevented a riot.—Philadelphia Call.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford on the third Tuesday of Jan., A. D. 1904.

Albert F. Farnham, Executor on the estate of MOSES PARSONS, late of Norway, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, that the said Executor give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of Feb. next, at nine of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—attest—
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Jan., A. D. 1904.

Albion F. Trumbull, Guardian on the estate of EDWARD H. DUNN, insane, of Denmark, in said County, having presented his account of administration of the Estate of said ward for allowance:

ORDERED, That said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Paris, in said County, on the third Tuesday of Feb. next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEORGE A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—attest—
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Jan., A. D. 1904.

George R. Cross, Admr. on the estate of MARTHA FELT, late of Greenwood, in said County, deceased, having presented his account of administration of the estate of said deceased for allowance:

ORDERED, That said Admr. give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Court of Probate to be held at Paris in said County, on the third Tuesday of Feb. next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEORGE A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—attest—
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

OXFORD, ss.—At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of Jan., A. D. 1904.

On the petition of Hollis Turner, admr. of the estate of ALDEN F. BURGESS, late of Peru in said County, deceased, praying for license to sell and convey certain Real Estate belonging to said estate and described in his petition on file in the Probate office.

ORDERED, That said petitioner give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, on the third Tuesday of Feb. next at nine o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. A. WILSON, Judge.

A true copy—attest—
ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

$50.00

for every case of

CONSTIPATION

Groder's SYRUP

cannot cure we will forfeit

$50.00

If taken according to our special directions.

J. J. LANE, Treasurer, The Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Waterville, Me.

STATEMENT OF THE UNITED STATES BRANCH OF THE

**GUARDIAN FIRE & LIFE ASS